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(JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.)

REVIEWS

Memorials of the Right Rev. Myles Coverdale, some time Lord Bishop of Exeter, who first translated the whole Bible into English. Bagster.

It has been justly observed by Guizot, that though the establishment of the independence of the Anglican church was connected, in point of time, with the progress of the Reformation in Germany, yet that the two movements were essentially different in their origin, their course, and their progress. He joins with Heeren in lamenting that the history of the religious revolutions in England, under the Tudors, has generally been written by heated and interested partisans, and intimates that a fair and calm exposure of the principles which guided the chief agents of all parties might go far towards allaying the rancour of sectarian bitterness and narrowing the field of controversy. We are well aware of the difficulties that beset such an undertaking, difficulties which probably cannot be overcome in the present generation,—but we believe it possible, without presumption and without offence, to give such preliminary explanations as may enable our readers to examine with calmness and impartiality the first great element of the controversy, the Translation of the Scriptures into the Vulgar Tongue.

Previous to the age of Luther, the great strife in the Christian churches was between the prelacy and the papacy, or, in other words, between the independence of national churches and the central power of Rome. In this contest the bishops were defeated, partly because their efforts were isolated, and their conduct, when assembled in synods and councils, not calculated to win support; but chiefly because the papacy had formed a band of spiritual militia, the Mendicant friars, who preached to the lowest classes of the people, while their general sat on the steps of the papal throne. But though victory was won, the war was far from being terminated; the popes trembled at the name of a general council, the bishops of Christendom frequently urged its convocation. In England, a large body of the secular clergy long desired to loosen the hold of the Romish court on their national church, and found supporters in the Plantagenet monarchs before the wars of the Roses. The revolution planned by Henry VIII., and executed in his reign, was political rather than religious; it was designed to make no change in the doctrines of the church, and scarcely any in its discipline, but to deliver the clergy from the yoke of foreign supremacy.

The principles of Martin Luther, brought over from Germany while this change was in progress, acted as a disturbing rather than as a co-operative force. Neither Henry VIII. nor his advisers had the slightest wish for an appeal to the judgment of the people; they desired that the revolution should be effected by authority alone;—the German reformers, who assailed doctrine as well as discipline, directly called upon the laity to choose between two creeds, and thus compelled almost every individual to become a controversialist. It would lead us too far from our inquiry, to investigate whether this peculiarity of the Germanic movement may not be explained by the fact, that Luther, and most of his early coadjutors, belonged to the monastic orders, and

turned the arts of Rome against itself; but we do not think that the Jesuits were far wrong when they compared the first movements of the Lutherans to a revolt of the Janissaries under the Turkish empire.

It is of importance to observe that two very distinct parties combined, to a certain extent, in the English Reformation; the one being anxious only to alter the supremacy, the other aiming at organic changes in the constitution of the Church. Myles Coverdale belonged to the latter party, and the first incident in his life of any importance is his joining the little knot of reformers at Cambridge, called, in mockery, "Germans." We may remark that the leaders of this society, Barnes and Parnell, were, like Luther himself, Augustinian Friars, and that the sermons against the papacy were usually preached in the church of the Augustines. The Anglican as well as the Romish divines were opposed to the German innovations; and when Coverdale, like Luther, abandoned his Augustinian habits, and began to preach against doctrinal errors, he found himself exposed to so much danger that he fled to the continent.

Coverdale joined himself to Tyndal, who was then engaged in the translation of the New Testament, and aided him in the translation of the Pentateuch. This great work soon became the subject of a controversy, which has been strangely misrepresented. It has been frequently asserted that the Church of Rome prohibits the circulation of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, when, in fact, that church had caused many such translations to be made in various European languages long before Luther was born. Indeed the Vulgate itself, when originally published, was a translation into the language most generally understood in Europe; and if it had been the object of the popes to keep the people ignorant of the Scriptures, they committed a sad blunder in adopting St. Jerome's version instead of adhering exclusively to the original Hebrew and Greek, where corruptions would have been tolerably safe from detection. The Anglican and Romish divines complained not that scholars had translated the Bible, but they had translated it "craftily, intermeddling therewith many heretical articles and erroneous opinions;... attempting by their wicked and perverse interpretations to prophanate the majesty of the Scripture," &c. It is impossible to read some of Tyndal's glosses without seeing that there was some plausible ground for these objections; while the tracts ascribed to him and his assistants were still more offensive, because they attacked not only the popes, but almost all ecclesiastical dignitaries.

The question whether the Scripture ought or ought not to be put into the hands of the people was solemnly debated before the king in full council, and the decision was, that such a measure was inexpedient, while heretical books were extensively circulated; but that if these be "exterminate and exiled out of this realm of England for ever, his highness intendeth to provide that the holy Scripture shall be by great lerned and Catholique persons translated into the English tongue, yf it shall then seeme to his grace convenient so to be."

This is a decision of the Anglican rather than the Romish church, but the most zealous partisans of the latter concurred in it. We see that

they brought the matter to a mere question of time and expediency, which they could not have done if it were a principle to withhold the Scripture from the laity.

In 1535 Coverdale published his translation of the Bible in a small folio. Henry's divorce had now separated the English from the Latin church; the Romish divines and the Anglican divines were henceforth separated, and the German party formed hopes of union with the latter. Coverdale's dedication to King Henry is an artful appeal to that monarch's pride and prejudices; it is pervaded by a spirit of submissive flattery unworthy of a sincere reformer. The preface is far more creditable to the writer; but it is chiefly remarkable for urging the right of private interpretation, which was a German rather than an Anglican doctrine. It appears that this Bible was for a time tacitly sanctioned by the King, and it certainly was never authoritatively condemned.

It would lead us into too long a discussion were we to enter upon the merits of this translation. We have, however, compared several passages, taken at random, with the originals, and have found that Coverdale adheres more closely to the Hebrew idiom than our common authorized version; and that in the New Testament, where our modern version has followed the Vulgate, Coverdale has given the correct rendering of the original Greek. But something more than verbal accuracy is required in a translator; the correct rendering of the Bible requires an extensive knowledge of the habits and usages of oriental society, because the same words do not express the same relations in different countries. The Help in Boston and the Negro in Charleston are both servants, but the servitude of the one gives a very inaccurate notion of the servitude of the other. Of Eastern manners and customs Coverdale was comparatively ignorant, and it is impossible to read his version of the Pentateuch without observing that he saw no difference between the social position of the pastoral patriarchs, and that of the graziers or farmers of England.

During the remainder of Henry's reign, Coverdale seems to have taken no active part in the Reformation, but after the accession of Edward VI. we find him appointed preacher to the king, and one of the Commissioners for searching and examining "all anabaptists, heretics, and contemners of the Book of Common Prayer." There is no evidence that he took a leading share in the persecutions and burnings to which Cranmer induced the Boy King to give a reluctant consent. But there is unfortunately reason to believe that, like too many advocates for the right of private interpretation, he consented to the judicial punishment of those who did not interpret Scripture in accordance with his opinions. Towards the close of Edward's reign, Coverdale was appointed Bishop of Exeter, in the room of Veyzy, who was forced to resign. We learn incidentally that he was rather unpopular in his diocese, principally on account of his marriage, which, as in the case of Luther, gave great offence, as it was a breach of his monastic vows.

On Queen Mary's accession, he was arrested for "a debt due to the royal Treasury," but on the intercession of the King of Denmark, whose chaplain was related to Coverdale by marriage,

he was permitted to remove to the continent, where he remained until the accession of Elizabeth. It is generally known that during the reign of Edward VI. the English Reformation received a deeper tinge of German principles than it had before, and that Bucer, who possessed great influence in the English court, laboured hard to unite the Anglican and the Lutheran churches. Over this part of our ecclesiastical history great obscurity prevails; but, so far as our means of information avail, it would seem that the German doctrines were disliked by the great body of the Anglican clergy, and derived their influence chiefly from the support of the government. Coverdale was certainly on the Lutheran side; he had lived during the most arduous part of his life, under the protection of the foreign Protestants, and had adopted their favourite notions. The mode of his induction to the see of Exeter was not according to established usage in the Anglican church, and on that account he was not recognized as a bishop when the church of England was restored by Elizabeth.

After the death of Mary, the church was brought back nearly to the same basis on which it had been placed by Henry VIII. The great objects were to substitute prelatry for papacy, and to give the supremacy to the sovereign instead of to the pope; but at the same time to keep the ecclesiastical organization intact, and to make no change in the relations between the church and the laity. This was a task of no ordinary difficulty, for many of the most zealous reformers had, like Coverdale, imbibed the German dislike of Romish ceremonies; and though Elizabeth and her advisers wisely adopted a system of compromise, it was not sufficiently comprehensive to include all classes. Coverdale was soon marked as one of the Germanic, or, as it now began to be called, the Puritan party, and he was therefore excluded from preferment. Orindal, Bishop of London, who was more favourable to puritanism than the rest of his brethren, gave the old reformer the living of St. Magnus, close to London Bridge, but Coverdale was so poor that he could not raise money to pay the queen her first fruits, and it was not without difficulty that he obtained remission of the payment.

In the year 1566, the heads of the Anglican church resolved to enforce a stricter conformity to the liturgy. Coverdale soon found it necessary to resign his living, and he died about two years after, at the advanced age of eighty-one. His writings, in general, are more mild and tolerant than those of his reforming contemporaries; and he exhibits, even in his controversies, a spirit of earnest benevolence, rare in such productions at all times, but almost unknown in his age.

The few incidents that we have noticed are sufficient to show that the Reformation in England was not an imitation of that in Germany; and that the Anglican church in Elizabeth's reign did not so much approximate to Romanism as return to the position which it had originally intended to occupy. It is also evident that puritanism was not a novelty first introduced under the reign of Elizabeth, but that it was from the first more, or less combined with the resistance to papal power, and that during the reign of Edward VI. it may be said to have had the mastery. To trace the history of these antagonizing principles, Anglicanism and Puritanism, under various names in the subsequent history of the English Church, is a task reserved for some future writer, whom fortune may place beyond the reach of party prejudices and party interests.

Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada. By Mrs. Jameson.

(Second Notice.)

A preliminary glance at this book enabled us to draw from it all that "the Chancellor's lady" (thus ran Mrs. Jameson's *Canadian* style) had to say concerning the politics and institutions of Canada,—made more interesting by the late recurrence of hostilities. Let us now see what "Ojima-quay"—"the white or fair English chieftainess"—(such was Mrs. Jameson's *Indian* title)—has journalized concerning the scenery she visited, and the persons among whom she sojourned. Of her home-readings—when she was prisoned within doors by inexorable frost, and left to her own resources by the formal and suspicious inhabitants of Toronto—she herself shall communicate the fruit; and all students and lovers of German art, sentiment, and philosophy, will thank her for an addition to their stores, made with a hand always graceful—though sometimes languid; as if the mind, as well as the ink of the "student" had yielded to the severity of atmospheric temperature. To herself, too, unassisted either by encouragement or remonstrance (the latter how often the more potent assistant)—shall we leave the cause she has so fervently espoused—namely, the equal rights and responsibilities of those whom Jonathan Oldbuck called "the womankind." But we cannot permit her, unimpeded, to describe the life upon the great lakes, which she explored in a truly enterprising fashion—or the singular characters who people the woods, or the fairy island of Mackinaw, or the homely, primitive Indian wigwam-hold at the Sault St. Marie: and our borrowings will tend to show that there is much in her journals which is fresh and unhackneyed.

"Time and the hour" forbid our following Mrs. Jameson's "summer ramble" with anything like geographical connexion. Resolved to visit the Indians in their native wilds,—as soon as summer had unbound the lakes, and clothed the trees, and made life in the open air endurable,—she laid her German books on the shelf, and, after a fortnight's preparatory sojourn at Niagara, (which marvel, by the way, she admires less enthusiastically than most former travellers,) set forth on her journey, like the heroine of Moore's Irish song, alone and unguarded, save by her womanhood. One of her first halts was at Port Talbot, the settlement of Col. Talbot, a Talbot of Malahide; a descendant, too, of the Dick Talbot who married *la belle* Jennings (*vide* De Grammont); and, strange to add, after the announcement of such ancestry, a solitary misogynist. We pass over all the conjectures upon the reasons which may have led him to retire to the wilderness,—over most of the details of his indomitable resolution and wise management, for the sake of a personal sketch of the house, lands, and manner of living of the "Big Chief," as Col. Talbot is styled by the Indians.

"The territory now under Colonel Talbot's management, and bearing the general name of the Talbot Country, contains, according to the list I have in my own handwriting, twenty-eight townships, and about 650,000 acres of land, of which 98,700 are cleared and cultivated. The inhabitants, including the population of the towns, amount to about 50,000. 'You see,' said he gaily, 'I may boast, like the Irishman in the farce, of having peopled a whole country with my own hands.' He has built his house, like the eagle his eyry, on a bold high cliff overhanging the lake. On the east there is a precipitous descent into a wild woody ravine, along the bottom of which winds a gentle stream, till it steals into the lake: thence in winter is a raging torrent. The storms and the gradual action of the waves have detached large portions of the cliff in front of the house, and with them huge trees. Along the lake-shore I found trunks and roots of trees half buried in the sand, or half over-

flowed with water, which I often mistook for rocks. I remember one large tree, which in falling heading, still remained suspended by its long and strong fibres to the cliff above; its position was now reversed—the top hung downwards, shivered and depaupered; the large spread root, upturned, formed a platform, on which new earth had accumulated; and a new vegetation sprung forth, of flowers, and bushes, and sucklings. * * * The château is a long wooden building, chiefly of rough logs, with a covered porch running along the south side. Here I found suspended, among sundry implements of husbandry, one of those ferocious animals of the feline kind, called here the cat-a-mountain, and by some the American tiger, or panther, which it more resembles. This one, which had been killed in its attack on the fold or poultry-yard, was at least four feet in length, and glared on me from the rafters above, ghastly and horrible. The interior of the house contains several comfortable lodging-rooms; and one really handsome one, the dining-room. There is a large kitchen with a tremendously hospitable chimney, and underground are cellars for storing wine, milk, and provisions. Around the house stands a vast variety of out-buildings, of all imaginable shapes and sizes, and disposed without the slightest regard to order or symmetry. One of these is the very log-hut which the Colonel erected for shelter when he first 'sat down in the bush,' four-and-thirty years ago, and which he is naturally unwilling to remove. Many of these out-buildings are to shelter the geese and poultry, of which he rears an innumerable quantity. Beyond these is the cliff, looking over the wide blue lake, on which I have counted six schooners at a time with their white sails; on the left is Port Stanley. Behind the house lies an open tract of land, prettily broken and varied, where large flocks of sheep and cattle were feeding—the whole enclosed by beautiful and luxuriant woods, through which runs the little creek or river above mentioned. The farm consists of six hundred acres: but as the Colonel is not quite so active as he used to be, and does not employ a bailiff or overseer, the management is said to be slovenly, and not so productive as it might be. He has sixteen acres of orchard-ground, in which he has planted and reared with success all the common European fruits, as apples, pears, plums, cherries, in abundance; but what delighted me beyond everything else, was a garden of more than two acres, very neatly laid out and enclosed, and in which he evidently took exceeding pride and pleasure; it was the first thing he showed me after my arrival. It abounds in roses of different kinds, the cuttings of which he had brought himself from England in the few visits he had made there. * * * The room into which I first introduced you, with its rough log-walls, is Colonel Talbot's library and hall of audience. On leaving my apartment in the morning, I used to find groups of strange figures lounging round the door, ragged, black-bearded, gaunt, travel-worn and toil-worn emigrants, Irish, Scotch and American, come to offer themselves as settlers. These he used to call his land-pirates; and curious, and characteristic, and dramatic beyond description, were the scenes which used to take place between this grand bashaw of the wilderness and his hungry, importunate clients and petitioners. Another thing which gave a singular interest to my conversations with Colonel Talbot, was the sort of indifference with which he regarded all the stirring events of the last thirty years. Dynasties rose and disappeared; kingdoms were passed from hand to hand like wine decanters; battles were lost and won,—he neither knew, nor heard, nor cared. No post, no newspaper brought to his forest-hut the tidings of victory and defeat, of revolutions of empires, 'or rumours of unsuccessful and successful war.' * * * The principal foreign and domestic events of his reign are the last American war, in which he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by a detachment of the enemy, who ransacked his house, and drove off his horses and cattle; and a visit which he received some years ago from three young Englishmen of rank and fortune, Lord Stanley, Mr. Stuart Wortley, and Mr. Labouchere, who spent some weeks with him. These events, and his voyages to England, seemed to be the epochs from which he dated. His last trip to England was about three years ago. From these occasional flights he returns like an old eagle to his perch on the cliff, whence he looks down upon the world he has quitted with

supreme contempt and indifference, and around on that which he has created, with much self-applause and self-gratulation."

Another less pleasant halt was forced upon Mrs. Jameson, by fever, at Detroit. While convalescent, her chief amusement was journalizing: and, though other leaves of her journals bear brighter and livelier pictures,—many will be glad to receive, from the following, some idea of "this beautiful little city."

"When the intolerable heat of the day has subsided, I sometimes take a languid stroll through the streets of the city, not unamused, not altogether unobserving, though unable to profit much by what I see and hear. There are many new houses building, and many new streets laid out. In the principal street, called the Jefferson Avenue, there are rows of large and handsome brick houses; the others are generally of wood, painted white, with bright green doors and windows. The footway in many of the streets is, like that of Toronto, of planks, which for my own part I like better than the burning brick or stone *pavé*. The crowd of emigrants constantly pouring through this little city on their way to the back settlements of the west, and the number of steamers, brigs, and schooners always passing up and down the lakes, occasion a perpetual bustle, variety, and animation on the shore and in the streets. Forty-two steamers touch at the port. In one of the Detroit papers (there are five or six published here either daily or weekly) I found a long column, headed *MARINE INTELLIGENCE*, giving an account of the arrival and departure of the shipping. Last year the profits of the steam-boats averaged seventy or eighty per cent, one with another: this year it is supposed that many will lose. There are several boats which ply regularly between Detroit and some of the new-born cities on the south shore of Lake Erie—Sandusky, Cleveland, Port Clinton, Monroe, &c. The navigation of the Detroit river is generally open from the beginning of April to the end of November. In the depth of winter they pass and re-pass from the British to the American shore on the ice. There are some excellent shops in the town, a theatre, and a great number of taverns and gaming-houses. There is also a great number of booksellers' shops; and I read in the papers long lists of books, newly arrived and unpacked, which the public are invited to inspect. Wishing to borrow some books, to while away the long solitary hours in which I am obliged to rest, I asked for a circulating library, and was directed to the only one in the place. I had to ascend a steep staircase—so disgustingly dirty, that it was necessary to draw my drapery carefully round me to escape pollution. On entering a large room, unfurnished except with book-shelves, I found several men sitting or rather sprawling upon chairs, and reading the newspapers. The collection of books was small; but they were not of a common or vulgar description. I found some of the best modern publications in French and English. The man—gentleman I should say, for all are gentlemen here—who stood behind the counter, neither moved his hat from his head, nor bowed on my entrance, nor showed any officious anxiety to serve or oblige; but, with this want of what we English consider due courtesy, there was no deficiency of real civility—far from it. When I inquired on what terms I might have some books to read, this gentleman desired I would take any books I pleased, and not think about payment or deposit. I remonstrated, and represented that I was a stranger at an inn—that my stay was uncertain, &c.; and the reply was, that from a lady and a stranger he could not think of receiving remuneration: and then gave himself some trouble to look out the books I wished for, which I took away with me. He did not even ask the name of the hotel at which I was staying; and when I returned the books, persisted in declining all payment from 'a lady and a stranger.' * * * At Detroit, the breadth of the river does not exceed a mile. A pretty little steamer, gaily painted, with streamers flying, and shaded by an awning, is continually passing and repassing from shore to shore. I have sometimes sat in this ferry-boat for a couple of hours together, pleased to remain still, and enjoy, without exertion, the cool air, the sparkling redundant waters, and green islands:—amused, meantime, by the variety and conversa-

tion of the passengers, English emigrants, and French Canadians; brisk Americans; dark, sad-looking Indians folded in their blankets; farmers, storekeepers, speculators in wheat; artisans; trim girls with black eyes and short petticoats, speaking a Norman patois, and bringing baskets of fruit to the Detroit market; over-dressed, long-waisted, damsels of the city, attended by their beaux, going to make merry on the opposite shore. The passage is not of more than ten minutes duration, yet there is a tavern bar on the lower deck, and a constant demand for cigars, liquors, and mint julep—by the *men* only, I pray you to observe, and the Americans chiefly; I never saw the French peasants ask for drink. * * * The little hamlet opposite to Detroit is called Richmond. I was sitting there to-day on the grassy bank above the river, resting in the shade of a tree, and speculating on all these things, when an old French Canadian stopped near me to arrange something about his cart. We entered forthwith into conversation; and though I had some difficulty in making out his *patois*, he understood my French, and we got on very well. If you would see the two extremes of manner brought into near comparison, you should turn from a Yankee storekeeper to a French Canadian! It was quite curious to find in this remote region such a perfect specimen of an old-fashioned Norman peasant—all bows, courtesy, and good-humour. He was carrying a cart-load of cherries to Sandwich; and when I begged for a ride, the little old man bowed and smiled, and poured forth a voluble speech, in which the words *enchanté! honneur! and madame!* were all I could understand; but these were enough. I mounted the cart, seated myself in an old chair surrounded with baskets heaped with ripe cherries, lovely as those of Shenstone—

Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
And must be bought, though penury betide!

* * * For his cart-load of cherries my old man expected a sum not exceeding two shillings."

With the commencement of Mrs. Jameson's third volume we take leave of such motley civilization as the inhabitants of Detroit display, and are thenceforth altogether among the Indians. A casual introduction to Mrs. Mac Murray, the wife of the American missionary resident at the Sault St. Marie, led to Mrs. Jameson's being most kindly received by Mrs. Schoolcraft at Mackinaw,—the two ladies being sisters, and of Indian origin. She was presently at home among the red people,—a complacent spectator of their wild dances, one of which was specially ordained in honour of their visit—an earnest advocate, even, for the comparative advantages which the squaw possesses over the European wife, as regards independence and consideration—a sedulous gatherer of genuine Indian family legends stirring enough to set some American Scott a-singing—and no less genuine supernatural tales, as quaint and picturesque as if they had been imagined by the pensively-humorous fancy of her justly admired friend and favourite, Tieck. After a sojourn at Mackinaw, Mrs. Jameson took canoe, and, accompanied by the Schoolcrafts, sailed for the Sault. Her sojourn here, too, tended to exalt her ideas of the aboriginal people of America. She was, as has been hinted, adopted into a native family: she learned to understand its peculiar cares, and to sympathize with the peculiar pleasures of her new brothers and cousins, as a flight down the rapids in a canoe testifies,—how frightful a pastime would this seem to her far-away friends,—the Ottilies and Lenas of Munich and Dresden! Every page, almost, of this third volume, offers matter for agreeable extract. But the only passages we can take, are those touching the Manitoulin Islands, whither, on leaving the Sault St. Marie, Mrs. Jameson proceeded, to assist at the Annual Council and distribution of presents. This, too, is very poetically described. But, to proceed:—

"The bay of Manitoulin is about three miles wide at the entrance, and runs about twelve miles in depth, in a southerly direction. As we approached the further end, we discerned the whole line of shore,

rising in bold and beautiful relief from the water, to be covered with wigwams, and crowded with Indians. Suddenly we came to a little opening or channel, which was not visible till we were just upon it, and on rounding a promontory, to my infinite delight and surprise we came upon an unexpected scene,—a little bay within the bay. It was a beautiful basin, nearly an exact circle, of about three miles in circumference; in the centre lay a little wooded island, and all around, the shores rose sloping from the margin of the lake, like an amphitheatre, covered with wigwams and lodges, thick as they could stand amid intermingled trees; and beyond these arose the tall pine forest crowning and enclosing the whole. Some hundred canoes were darting hither and thither on the waters, or gliding along the shore, and a beautiful schooner lay against the green bank—its tall masts almost mingling with the forest trees, and its white sails half furled, and half gracefully drooping. * * * This is the second year that the presents to the Indians have been issued on this spot. * * * There are three thousand seven hundred Indians, Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottowottomies, Winnebagoes, and Menomones, encamped around us. The issue of the presents has just concluded, and appears to have given universal satisfaction; yet, were you to see their trifling nature, you would wonder that they think it worth while to travel from one to five hundred miles or more to receive them; and by an ordinance of the Indian department, every individual must present himself *in person* to receive the allotted portion. The common equipment of each chief or warrior (that is, each man) consisted of three quarters of a yard of blue cloth, three yards of linen, one blanket, half an ounce of thread, four strong needles, one comb, one awl, one butcher's knife, three pounds of tobacco, three pounds of ball, nine pounds of shot, four pounds of powder, and six flints. The equipment of a woman consisted of one yard and three quarters of coarse woollen, two yards and a half of printed calico, one blanket, one ounce of thread, four needles, one comb, one awl, one knife. For each child there was a portion of woollen cloth and calico. Those chiefs who had been wounded in battle, or had extraordinary claims, had some little articles in extra quantity, and a gay shawl or handkerchief. To each principal chief of a tribe, the allotted portion of goods for his tribe was given, and he made the distribution to his people individually; and such a thing as injustice or partiality on one hand, or a murmur of dissatisfaction on the other, seemed equally unknown. There were, besides, extra presents of flags, medals, chiefs' guns, rifles, trinkets, brass kettles, the choice and distribution of which were left to the superintendent, with this proviso, that the expense on the whole was never to exceed nine pounds sterling for every one hundred chiefs or warriors."

One more fragmentary picture, and we have done:—

In walking about among the wigwams to-day, I found some women on the shore, making a canoe. The frame had been put together by the men. The women were then joining the pieces of birch-bark with the split ligaments of the pine-root, which they call *wattup*. Other women were employed in melting and applying the resinous gum, with which they smear the seams, and render them impervious to the water. There was much chattering and laughing meanwhile, and I never saw a merrier set of gossips. This canoe, which was about eighteen feet in length, was finished before night; and the next morning I saw it afloat. A man was pointed out to me, (a Chippewa from Lake Superior,) who, about three years ago, when threatened by starvation during his winter hunt, had devoured his wife and one or two of his children. You shudder—so did I; but since famine can prevail over every human feeling or instinct, till the 'pitiful mother hath soddened her own children,' and a woman devoured part of her lover, I do not think this wretched creature must necessarily be a born monster of ferocity. His features were very mild and sad: he is avoided by the other Chippewas here, and not considered *respectable*; and this from an opinion they entertain, that when a man has once tasted human flesh, he can relish no other: but I must quit this abominable subject. At sunset this evening, just as the air was beginning to grow cool, Major Anderson proclaimed a canoe race, the canoes

to be paddled by the women only. The prize consisted of twenty-five pair of silver ear-rings and other trinkets. I can give you no idea of the state of commotion into which the whole camp, men, women, and children, were thrown by this announcement. Thirty canoes started, each containing twelve women, and a man to steer. They were to go round the little island in the centre of the bay, and return to the starting point—the first canoe which touched the shore to be the winner. They darted off together with a sudden velocity, like that of an arrow from the bow. The Indians on the shore ran backwards and forwards on the beach, exciting them to exertion by loud cries, leaping into the air, whooping and clapping their hands; and when at length the first canoe dashed up to the landing-place, it was as if all had gone at once distracted and stark mad. The men, throwing themselves into the water, carried the winners out in their arms, who were laughing and panting for breath; and then the women cried 'Ny'a! Ny'a!' and the men shouted 'Ty'a!' till the pine woods rang again. But all was good humour, and even good order, in the midst of this confusion. There was no ill blood, not a dispute, not an outrage, not even a sound of unkindness or anger; these are certainly the most good-natured, orderly savages imaginable! We are twenty white people, with 3,700 of these wild creatures around us, and I never in my life felt more security. I find it necessary, indeed, to suspend a blanket before each of the windows when I am dressing in the morning, for they have no idea of the possibility of being intrusive; they think 'men's eyes were made to look,' and windows to be looked through; but, with this exception, I never met with people more genuinely polite.

There are a dozen more scenes as good as, or even better than those we have extracted. Having expressed some disappointment at the omission of matters of immediate political interest in Mrs. Jameson's Canadian journals, we were bound, in fairness, to indicate how much of what is picturesque and interesting the general reader may expect from them.

Memoirs of Charles Mathews.

(Second Notice.)

WE recur to these volumes as we promised to do. It was our intention to have carefully abridged the biography; but we find that, according to the fashion of the old stages, it puts up for the night, when about half the journey is over, and that, comparatively speaking, we should but be affording to our readers a "brief abstract and chronicle" of the youthful days of Mr. Mathews. The book retires to rest at or about the time of the trip to Paris, which is truly provoking, as it leaves the appetite in that whetted state which the old periodicals were so desirous of arriving at, in the sentences immediately preceding the words, "To be continued in our next." We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the culling of an agreeable *bonquet* from this flower-garden of anecdote, and to a brief notice of the character and genius (for he elevated himself above talent) of Mathews himself.

The book is what, upon a slight reflection, it might have been expected to be—a book of jest and anecdote; many of the pleasantries being a little over-diluted, and some of the anecdotes making up, here and there, by length, for what they want in novelty. Still, there is a quick transition, for the most part, from character to character, and from incident to incident; and the eccentricities of old Johnny Winter, the wardrobe-keeper and tailor at York—the dragging, drawing oddities of Tate Wilkinson—the natty neatnesses of George Colman's epistolary style—the practical jesting of Theodore Hook—the highly-seasoned egotism and gullibility of Charles Inceledon—these, and the passing glances at Curran, John Kemble, the Prince Regent, Dr. Kitchener, Queen Charlotte, and Mr. John Taylor, are given as connected with some amusing anecdote or lively recollection. To those who

remember the inimitable truth with which the subject of these memoirs married the pleasantries he gleaned in society to the voice, and peculiarity of manner of the parties connected with them, the memoirs will be, as far as amusement is concerned, "here, in double trust," and to such readers as knew him not in private life, the jests will come with the charm of originality, and the sanction of his name. The book is a rare book for the newspapers at this unparliamentary time of the year.

There is something inexpressibly funny in the following scene, and the reader will be reminded of the *At Home* in the whimsical exaggeration. It is, however, a trying incident to believe.

"It appeared that he (Lee Sugg) was too prudent an exhibitor to trust the receipts to any hand but his own; he therefore added to his versatile undertakings that of door-keeper, and consequently took his station near enough to the entrance of the room he had hired for the occasion, to be able to reach the lock of the door, without any other movement than what was requisite for the purpose of opening it. He then received the price of admission, which he stounded upon a little wooden table on his right hand, placed there it appeared for the sole benefit of this experiment, but so low as to compel him to stoop his tall figure whenever he tested the validity of the proffered coin; this, if satisfactory, he placed immediately in his waistcoat-pocket, thanking his patrons, and directing them forward to seats. Each arrival was announced by a loud tapping at the door of the room, and this he immediately attended to. Finding at length a sufficient number assembled, and the hour exceeded which he had given out as the precise time of commencement, Lee Sugg began to satisfy the impatience of his audience, and struck up his first song—'Old Towler,' without the aid of an accompaniment. The tapping and jingling of the silver must be remembered as accessories; and the following account will in faint colours paint the scene. 'Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn—And—' (One shilling, if you please, sir. Much obliged.) 'Spangles—' (Sixpence for your little girl, ma'am.) 'Deck the thorn.' (Front seat, if you please, ma'am.) 'The loving herds.' (I can't help your hissing, ladies and gentlemen, I must admit my visitors.) 'Now seek the lawn, the lark springs from—' (The third seat, if you please, gentlemen.) 'The corn.' (That's a very bad half-crown, sir!) 'With a heigho! chevy!—' (If you observe, there's no sound in it.) 'Hark forward! hark forward! Tanti-ty.' (Go on, ladies and gentlemen.) 'With a heigho, chevy.' (I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen, for your displeasure; but I can't let people in for nothing.) 'Hark, forward!' (One-and-sixpence for you and your baby, ma'am.) 'Tanti-ty! Arise the burthen of my song.' (One shilling. Pass on, sir.) 'This day a stag must die! this day—' (There's no half-price, ma'am.) 'A stag must die, &c.'

Johnny Winter was a thorough Yorkshireman—the store-keeper at the York theatre—blunt to an ultra-county state of bluntness, and prejudice, and lazy as need be. Through Mathews, he figured on the stage. Here he is!—

"All manner of spectacle was Johnny's particular dread and detestation, and Shakespeare's plays were classed and confounded by him with all pieces requiring show, dress, and numbers. In fact, all that gave him trouble, was certain to meet with Winter's hearty condemnation. Above all, he hated to look out dresses for the supernumeraries, whom he called *supernecessaries*, without considering the propriety of such auxiliaries, or that 'by opposing' he could 'end them.' He argued against and resisted their aid, in the most senseless, selfish manner he was master of; and when the night came, he would abuse the people and obstruct their preparations. Whenever the manager ordered the revival of any of Shakespeare's plays, (which gave him additional trouble, from the number of dresses he had to select and prepare, not only for the actors, but the odious 'supernecessaries') his abhorrence of them was proportioned to their processions, and he was almost frantic during John Kemble's engagement, when the play of 'Coriolanus' was revived. 'That John Kemble and Shakespeare,' Mr. Mathews heard him say, 'have given me more

trouble than all the other people in the world put together, and my spouse into a bargain.' He especially hated 'Henry the Eighth,' and others of the historical plays that required numbers to be dressed; and he set down every dramatic piece to our immortal bard, which consisted of anything like spectacle, and procession. 'Well, John,' said Mr. Mathews one day, in order to draw him out, 'there is a grand piece coming out spick and span from London.' 'What,' 'Blue Beard,' I reckon? 'But it's more of that fond Shakespeare's stuff.' 'I wish he was drowned in the river Ouse.' 'I shall have no piece while he's alive, I see.' 'What with his 'Henry the Eighth,' and 'Perouse,' and 'Picard,' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' and 'Coriolanus,' and his 'Jubilee,' and such fond stuff, I'd better be a giddy slave, I'll send D—n the chap! why doesn't he get his head by some honest trade, or if he must write plays, why can't he write 'em without so many folk in 'em? he never thinks of the trouble he gives to 'poor ladies and wardrobe-keepers.'"

The following is a merry picture of the youthful days, not only of Mr. Mathews, but of Mr. Hook—the only perfect realization and explanation we ever experienced of the phrase "deadly lively." Mr. Hook had passed himself off as a lunatic at Croydon, and had excited a public interest in favour of himself and against Mr. Mathews in the streets of that place. The latter, arranged with the driver of a returning hearse to further his plans in the way of self-kill. The story is this:—

"For several years it was an annual custom with Mr. Hook and Mr. Mathews, and other *Melancholians* (one of whom is now a potent, grave, and Reverend Signior) fond of a frolic, to go to Croydon Fair, for the purpose of cracking walnuts and jokes. The merry-making was the diverting tricks played upon those they encountered, and upon each other, by these young and buoyant spirits. In pursuance of the latter portion of their amusement, on one occasion, while strolling through the market, Mr. Hook suddenly proclaimed himself the victim of fraternal cruelty, declaring that his brother, (Mr. Mathews,) in order to deprive him of his property, was confining him to his side, and otherwise rendering him wretched and dependent, and that he hoped the good people present would not oppose his escape, or attempt to follow him. As he said this, he suddenly sprang away from his party, leaving his unnatural relation in what he hoped would be an awkward dilemma. Brotherly instinct, however, suggested a means of averting popular indignation, and satisfying the crowd that his younger brother was in fact a lunatic, although a harmless one; and the rest of the party confirming this statement, Mr. Mathews was allowed quietly to follow the fugitive, whom he and his friends soon discovered concealed at a short distance round a corner, waiting to rejoin them. After this they repaired to the coffee-room at the inn. Here again the lunatic became very obstreperous, and belaboured in a manner so as to justify the severity of his alleged brother, who, after a time, being a little nervous at the extent of his relation's paroxysm, left the room, and was standing at the outer entrance of the hotel, when a hearse trotted up to the door on its return from its melancholy journey. The driver, a little fat man, had just dismounted from the box, in his professional robes, namely, a suit of woe, and a broad crape streaming from his hat, and hanging down his back. The man looked at my husband for a minute, and smiling with much meaning, addressed him, as he bowed, by his name. 'Ah, Mr. Mathews! my last inside passenger died of laughing at you, sir!' My husband, who generally preserved his *incognito*, was startled by this knowledge of his person, but being withal curious to know the man's meaning, inquired to whom he alluded. He was answered by a significant action over the shoulder of the man, whose thumb jerked at the mournful machine behind him, which still remained at the door. It appeared, upon further questioning, that the vehicle occupant of the gloomy vehicle had gone to the theatre one night, to all appearance well, but had laughed so incontinently at Mr. Mathews's acting, as to return home in a state of such exhaustion, that it ended in severe illness, produced, as the medical man averred, from an over-excitement, of which the

And Mr. Mathews, half-shocked, half-flattered, appeared to forget the part he was said to have had in the death of the poor young lady, (who most probably had carried her billet with her to the theatre, and few people dip of laughing, although many have thought they should do so,) and eagerly yielded to a suggestion which this man's appearance and recent conduct had occasioned. Accordingly, promising him half-a-crown, he engaged him to act a subordinate part in the comedy of *The Reprisal*, which Theodore's friend justified his brotherly wish to 'get up' in his benefit. This settled, Mr. Mathews returned to the coffee-room, where the young madman was waiting on the joke quietly enough, having, it was said, enjoyed a lucid interval. But the return of his brother brought on another violent paroxysm, and no exhortation could abate his resistance of all rational control: on the contrary, nothing seemed to increase his violence. At last his brother declared, that if he was not more obedient and resigned, he would resort to stronger measures, and send him back to London in a manner he would not like. This intimation only added to his outrageous behaviour; he was threatened with confinement, and told that a hearse was in waiting to receive him, no other conveyance being attainable; and that he should be placed in that unless he became quiet. This threat produced no amendment, for, of course, he received as a flint by the incorrigible maniac. However, at last the elder brother took a cord from his pocket, with which he tied Theodore's hands behind him; who, having no suspicion of the truth, favoured the act, while seeming to resist it. This arrangement being made, at a given signal he stalked the little fat man in black, whip in hand, and streaming hat-band, and with a solemn, grave air, proclaimed, 'The hearse is ready, sir.' For a moment the unfortunate captive looked at this messenger of doom with distrust. But again recollecting how impossible the reality could be, he tamely allowed himself to be led out of the room, in apparent submission to his brother's arrangement, and proceeded peacefully down the long passage to the inn-door. Here, however, the sight of the hearse, ready to admit him, and the little man holding the door open with his right hand, respectfully dangling his hat and hand from the other, gave the lunatic such a shock, that suddenly releasing himself from his keeper's hold, he darted up the street, (his hands still bound), with a loud cry after him, his unfortunate relation and friends following up the pursuit.

It will be well remembered by many, that the imitation of Lord Ellenborough, in the celebrated farce of *'Love, Law, and Physic,'* gave offence in the high quarters; and Mathews, who was a decided Tory, succumbed to a suggestion. The very injunction contributed to the interest of the farce. The imitation was, however, revived, when the fleshless Falstaff and the 'hoary hair' were no more.

The most remarkable result of Mr. Mathews's imitation of Lord Ellenborough in *'Love, Law, and Physic,'* was his receiving a 'request' that he would go to Carlton House on a certain evening. On his arrival, he was immediately ushered into the presence of the Prince, who was surrounded by a very small circle. After a most gracious reception, the general conversation was resumed, as it appeared, and he was for some time at a loss to guess the immediate cause of his invitation. At length, the Prince began to speak of the extraordinary sensation Mr. Mathews's recent imitation had caused, adding, that he had the greatest desire in the world to hear it, and concluded by saying, that it would be considered as a favour if Mr. Mathews would then give the charge to the jury, as he had given it on the first night of the new farce. My husband felt distressingly embarrassed. He glanced round at the party, and his eye for a moment fell upon the nobleman with whom he had the interview on the second night of the piece, and who was looking particularly grave. Mr. Mathews obviously hesitated, which the Prince observing, said, 'Oh, don't be afraid, Mr. Mathews; we're all tired here. Come, pray oblige me; I'm longing to hear it. I'm something of a mimic myself. My brother here (turning to the Duke of York) can tell you, that I give a very fair imitation of Lord Eldon. With respect to yours of Lord

Ellenborough, it was not so well when you found it so taken up to continue it in public, and I am very glad your own good taste and feeling prompted you to refuse a repetition of it; but here you need have no scruples.'

The following letter and accompanying remarks (for we feel bound to give one of Charles Mathews's sensible letters,) are curious and interesting:—

"To Mrs. Mathews.

"Northampton, Tuesday, Sept. 19, 1815.

"I arrived safe and well at Lennington, on Friday, and when I saw the handful of houses that compose the town, I felt that Mr. Ling had hoaxed me, and much did I repent that I was advertised,—the anticipation was horrid; and no musician could I get far or near until seven o'clock, when one wretched country-dance fiddler arrived from a distance of five miles. I soon found that he could not play a note. I began my performance with an apology, stating that I had written forward to request that all the musicians in the town might be engaged, and that request had been complied with. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' said I, 'strictly all that are to be found are now in the orchestra: he is all. I hope, however, that the defects of the singer may be compensated by the ability of the musician, and vice versa; and if the kindness of the audience will but keep pace with our anxiety to please, my friend and I cannot fail of success.' This produced a great laugh, and when we came to the first song, he in vain attempted to scratch a note or two, and he literally was not heard during the whole evening, except between the two acts, when, to rescue his fame, he boldly struck up a country-dance, which he rasped away to the no small amusement of the audience. I had all the visitors, I believe, in the place; and, to my amazement, they produced me 27l. We had the next day a most delightful treat, going all over Warwick Castle with Walter Scott. There, by accident, I met Mr. Hall, whom you may recollect at Perry's and Hill's, who was overjoyed at the luck of being introduced to Scotland's Bard. He also was journeying northward. We went on to the celebrated ruins of Kenilworth, where we all dined; and I returned to Lennington. Mr. Hall took the third of a chaise with Simpson and myself on towards Derby, highly delighted at meeting with such post-chaise companions. On Sunday we had a charming journey of thirty miles to this place. I last night played *Buskin, Cypher, and Sonnet*—the house crammed,—holds fifty, and we had fifty-six and a clear half, and expect as good to-night. At present, therefore, all is propitious, and it had need to be, for the misery I endured at rehearsal yesterday, and last night, oh! such pumps. To-night I do the Entertainment,—such velvet after acting with them! To-morrow, Coventry.

"C. MATHEWS."

"On my husband's return home, he described to me and others the effect Kenilworth produced upon Mr. Scott, whose delight and enthusiasm led him to make several remarkable observations while surveying these splendid ruins, all which were indelibly impressed upon Mr. Mathews's memory; and if any evidence was then necessary to prove who the *Great Unknown* was, the fact of those very phrases, and the precise quotations appearing in the Romance when it was published, was enough to settle the point with those to whom they had been repeated. But previously to this an accidental disclosure had taken place at our own table, which established indisputably the fact of Mr. Scott being the author of the novels; but of which we were bound in honour, although not by any compact, to conceal our knowledge for some time. One day, Messrs. John Ballantyne, Constable, and Terry, were dining with us, and during the dinner the Waverley novels had been the theme of conversation. Mr. John Ballantyne had an indiscreet vivacity sometimes, and moreover at this period felt a more than ordinary exhilaration from the 'generous' and truth-telling wine, which prompted him to say, at the close of a speech he had made about some new books for which I asked him, 'I shall soon send you Scott's new novel!' I shall never forget the consternation of the Messrs. Constable and Terry, and, indeed, we were as much embarrassed. Mr. Constable looked daggers,—and Terry used

some,—for, with a stern brow and a correcting tone, he cried out John! adding with a growl, resembling what is generally made to check or reprove a mischievous dog,—'Ah! what are you about?' which made us drop our eyes in pain for the indiscreet tattler; while *Wee Johnny* looked like an impersonation of Fear,—startled 'at the sound himself had made.' Not another word was said; but our little good-natured friend's lapse was sacred with us, and the secret was never divulged while it was important to preserve it."

We have certainly permitted the best parts of the book to come forward and speak for the character of the whole; indeed, we request to be considered, in the present instance, as *gentlemen ushers* only, and not of the black rod. The following are gems in their way:—

"One night an order of Mr. Sheridan's was stopped at the box-door of Drury-lane Theatre, and pronounced a forgery, because the door-keeper could read it!"

"Albina, Countess of Buckinghamshire, was one of his admirers, who almost persecuted him, and he tried all possible means to check her wish to lionize him on all occasions. In so many unpleasant situations, indeed, did she place him, that at last he determined to decline the next invitation, and wrote a note excusing himself on the plea that his health did not admit of any exertion out of his profession. Lady Buckinghamshire was, as he expected, much offended, and, in a neat equivocal, made him understand that she was not deceived by his excuse. Her reply was briefly,—'Lady Buckinghamshire's compliments to Mr. Mathews, and is very sorry to find him so indifferent.'"

Mr. Mathews had a high respect and regard for his profession, and a strong sense of the respectability which it ought to possess, and of the good which thereby might be worked out upon society. He possessed, beyond any other artist in our recollection, the nicest perception of character, and of all its minutest points—with the readiest ability acutely and faithfully to convey what he wished in colours to the public eye and mind. This mirror-power robbed the stage of a great actor. His very defects he turned to account; for out of his irritability he perfected Sir Fretful Plagiary; and from his personal troubles he contrived to extract a humorous singularity.

The book, we ought to say, before concluding, is handsomely got up; but the two volumes ought not to be announced, without an assurance of their being but a *branch* of the life of Mr. Mathews, and not the whole trunk.

Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland.

[Third Notice.]

We shall now start from Odessa on a journey of 2,000 miles. The state of civilization in this vast tract of country may, perhaps, be better collected from these mere "Incidents of Travel," than from more elaborate reports. We learn, for instance, from Mr. Stephens, a fact which speaks volumes, that there is not a single public conveyance. The only choice for the traveller is a Jew's waggon, in which he stretches out his bed, and is tumbled along like a bale of goods, always with the same horses—a *char de poste*, a mere box of wood in form, with straw at the bottom,—and posting in your own carriage. Mr. Stephens joined an Englishman, also destined for St. Petersburg—purchased a calèche, which an Italian nobleman was willing to sell, "not because he did not want it, but because he wanted money more"—hired a servant, and obtained a *podoroshni*, and prepared to start; but though the horses were ordered, they would not come. The Consul was then applied to: he accompanied them to the post-master, and ascertained that a hundred pair had been sent out since Mr. Stephens's first order was given; but instead of taxing the man with his rascality, the Consul paid for the horses,

gave him a bonus of ten roubles, and next morning, by daylight, our travellers were en route. The first night, on their arrival at Voznezuski, their servant, hired by the day, and the Jew post-master, agreed that they should stop there: the latter maintained he had neither horses nor postillion. The travellers stormed and threatened; but, says Mr. Stephens, he looked in our *podoroshni*, where we were described as simple travellers; and the Russians having no idea that there is such a character in the world as a private gentleman, he laughed in our faces. Resolved at once to put a stop, if possible, to these impositions, Mr. Stephens and his companion resolved to pass the night in the carriage, with their servant on the box. This, no doubt, was a virtuous self-denial for the benefit of future travellers; and "to tell the truth," says Mr. Stephens, "we felt a little the absurdity of this arrangement, when we woke during the night, and looked at the shut door of the post-house, and thought of the Jew sleeping away in utter contempt of us; and our only satisfaction was an occasional groan from Henri," their servant.

Henri, we may be assured, did not oversleep himself, and early next morning they started without a moment's delay. The landlord, as we have noticed, was a Jew.

"Many of the postmasters along this road were Jews; and I am compelled to say that they were always the greatest scoundrels we had to deal with; and this is placing them on very high ground, for their inferiors in rascality would be accounted masters in any other country. No men can bear a worse character than the Russian Jews, and I can truly say that I found them all they were represented to be. They are not allowed to come within the territory of old Russia. Peter the Great refused their application to be permitted to approach nearer, smoothing his refusal by telling them that his Russian subjects were greater Jews than they were themselves. The sagacious old monarch, however, was wrong; for all the money business along the road is in their hands. They keep little taverns, where they sell vodka, a species of brandy, and wring from the peasant all his earnings, lending the money again to the seigneurs at exorbitant interest. Many of them are rich, and though alike despised by rich and poor, by the seigneur and the serf, they are proud of exhibiting their wealth, particularly in the jewels and ornaments of their women. At Savonka, a little village on the confines of old Poland, where we were detained waiting for horses, I saw a young girl about sixteen, a Polonaise, sitting on the steps of a miserable little tavern, sewing together some ribands, with a head-dress of brown cloth, ornamented with gold chains and pearls worth six hundred rubles, diamond earrings worth a hundred, and a necklace of ducats and other Dutch gold pieces worth four hundred rubles; altogether, in our currency, worth perhaps two hundred and fifty dollars."

The steppes, which they entered next day, are thus described:—

"At daylight we awoke, and found ourselves upon the wild steppes of Russia, forming part of the immense plain which, beginning in northern Germany, extends for hundreds of miles, having its surface occasionally diversified by ancient tumuli, and terminates at the long chain of the Urals, which, rising like a wall, separates them from the equally vast plains of Siberia. The whole of this immense plain was covered with a luxuriant pasture, but bare of trees like our prairie lands, mostly uncultivated, yet everywhere capable of producing the same wheat which now draws to the Black Sea the vessels of Turkey, Egypt, and Italy, making Russia the granary of the Levant; and which, within the last year, we have seen brought six thousand miles to our own doors. Our road over these steppes was in its natural state; that is to say, a mere track worn by caravans of waggons; there were no fences, and sometimes the route was marked at intervals by heaps of stones, intended as guides when the ground should be covered with snow. I had some anxiety about our carriage; the spokes of the wheels were all strengthened and

secured by cords wound tightly around them, and interlaced so as to make a network; but the postillions were so perfectly reckless as to the fate of the carriage, that every crack went through me like a shot. The breaking of a wheel would have left us perfectly helpless in a desolate country, perhaps more than a hundred miles from any place where we could get it repaired. Indeed, on the whole road to Chioff there was not a single place where we could have any material injury repaired. * * We met no travellers. Occasionally we passed large droves of cattle, but all the way from Odessa the principal objects were long trains of waggons, fifty or sixty together, drawn by oxen, and transporting merchandise toward Moscow or grain to the Black Sea. Their approach was indicated at a great distance by immense clouds of dust, which gave us timely notice to let down our curtains and raise our glasses. The waggons were short, ugly-looking fellows, with huge sandy mustaches and beards, black woolly caps, and sheepskin jackets, the wool side next the skin; perhaps, in many cases, transferred warm from the back of one animal to that of the other, where they remained till worn out or eaten up by vermin. They had among them blacksmiths and wheelwrights, and spare wheels, and hammer, and tools, and everything necessary for a journey of several hundred miles. Half of them were generally asleep on the top of their loads, and they encamped at night in caravan style, arranging the waggons in a square, building a large fire, and sleeping around it."

The villages, such as they are, are much alike. A description of one may, therefore, serve for all:—

"The village, like all the others, was built of wood, plastered and whitewashed, with roofs of thatched straw, and the houses were much cleaner than I expected to find them. We got plenty of fresh milk; the bread, which to the traveller in those countries is emphatically the staff of life, we found good everywhere in Russia, and at Moscow the whitest I ever saw. Henri was an enormous feeder, and, wherever we stopped, he disappeared for a moment, and came out with a loaf of bread in his hand and his mustache covered with the froth of quass, a Russian small beer. He said he was not always so voracious, but his seat was so hard, and he was so roughly shaken, that eating did him no good."

After a great deal of vexation our travellers arrived, on the fourth day, at Chioff, and hearing that a diligence was announced as about to start for Moscow, they determined at once to get rid of their carriage.

"The venerable city of Chioff, the ancient capital of Russia, stands at a great height, on the crest of an amphitheatre of hills, which rise abruptly in the middle of an immense plain, apparently thrown up by some wild freak of nature, at once curious, unique, and beautiful. The style of its architecture is admirably calculated to give effect to its peculiar position; and, after a dreary journey over the wild plains of the Ukraine, it breaks upon the traveller with all the glittering and gorgeous splendour of an Asiatic city. For many centuries it has been regarded as the Jerusalem of the North, the sacred and holy city of the Russians; and, long before reaching it, its numerous convents and churches, crowning the summit and hanging on the sides of the hill, with their quadrupled domes, spires, and chains, and crosses, gilded with ducat gold and glittering in the sun, gave the whole city the appearance of golden splendour. The churches and monasteries have one large dome in the centre, with a spire surmounted by a cross, and several smaller domes around it, also with spires and crosses connected by pendant chains, and all gilded so purely that they never tarnish. * * The city is composed of three distinct quarters; the old, with its Polish fortifications, containing the palace of the emperor, and being the court end; the Petcherk fortress, built by Peter the Great, with ditches and high ramparts, and an arsenal capable of containing eighty or a hundred thousand stand of arms; and the Podolsk, or business part, situated at the foot of the hill on the banks of the Dnieper. It contains thirty thousand inhabitants, besides a large military garrison, partly of Cossack troops, and one pretty good hotel; but no beds, and none of those soft couches which made the hardy Poles sleep away

their senses; and though a welcome resting-place for a traveller through the wild plains of Russia, it does not now possess any such attraction as to put in peril the faith and duties of husbands. By its position, secluded from intercourse with strangers, Kiev is still thoroughly a Russian city, retaining in full force its Asiatic style of architecture; and the old Russian, wedded to the manners and customs of his fathers, clings to it as a place which the hand of improvement has not yet reached; among other relics of the olden time, the long beard still flourishes with the same solemn dignity as in the days of Peter the Great. Lying a hundred miles away from the direct road between Moscow and the Black Sea, few European travellers visit it. * * The Church of the Catacombs, or the Cathedral of the Assumption, stands a little out of the city, on the banks of the Dnieper. It was founded in 1073, and has seven golden domes with golden spires, and chains connecting them. The dome of the belfry, which rises above the hill to the height of about three hundred feet, and above the Dnieper to that of five hundred and eighty-six, is considered by the Russians a chef d'œuvre of architecture. It is adorned with Doric and Ionic columns and Corinthian pilasters; the whole interior bears the venerable garb of antiquity, and is richly decorated with gold, silver, and precious stones and paintings; indeed, it is altogether very far superior to any Greek church I had then seen. In the immense catacombs under the monastery lie the buried bodies of the Russian saints, and year after year thousands and tens of thousands come from the wilds of Siberia and the confines of Tartary to kneel at their feet and pray. In one of the porches of the church we bought wax tapers, and, with a long procession of pilgrims, bareheaded and with lighted tapers in our hands, descended a long wooden staircase to the mouth of the catacomb. On each side along the staircase was ranged a line of kneeling devotees, of the same miserable description I had often seen about the churches in Italy and Greece. Entering the excavated passages of the catacomb, on the roof of which was black from the smoke of candles, we saw on each side, in niches in the walls, and in open coffins, enveloped in wrappings of cloth and silk, ornamented with gold and silver, the bodies of the Russian saints. These saints are persons who have led particularly pure and holy lives, and by reason thereof have ascended into heaven, where they are supposed to exercise an influence with the Father and Son; and their bodies are left unburied that their brethren may come to them for intercession, and, seeing their honours after death, study to imitate them in the purity of their lives. The bodies are laid in open coffins, with the stiffened hands so placed as to receive the kisses of pilgrims, and on their breasts are written their names, and sometimes a history of their virtuous actions. But we saw there other and worse things than these, monuments of wild and desperate fanaticism; for besides the bodies of saints who had died at God's appointed time, in one passage is a range of small windows, where men had with their own hands built themselves in with stones against the wall, leaving open only a small hole by which to receive their food; and died with the impious thought that they were doing their Maker good service. These little windows close their dwelling and their tomb; and the devoted Russian, while he kneels before them, believes that their unnatural death has purchased for them everlasting life, and place and power among the spirits of the blessed. We wandered a long time in this extraordinary burial place, everywhere strewed with the kneeling figures of praying pilgrims. At every turn we saw hundreds from the farthest parts of the immense empire of Russia; perhaps at that time more than three thousand were wandering in these sepulchral chambers."

It is strange that, at this out-of-the-way place, to which, perhaps, an American traveller had never before penetrated, Mr. Stephens met with a retired Russian officer, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the government and literature of America, and was far more familiar with the works of Franklin, Irving, &c. than Mr. Stephens himself, and who knew the names and character of all the principal men, from the time of Washington to the present day. These facts are certainly strange, and not without interest.

but if his Russian friend spoke in plain sincerity, we cannot but fear that Mr. Stephens's "pericling" is no minute, that he may, without intending it, have compromised him with the government. It is, however, still more strange, though it does not appear to have awakened a suspicious thought in Mr. Stephens, that not only at Chioff, but at Moscow and St. Petersburg—wherever, indeed, he stopped, even at Warsaw, he always fell in with persons of ultra-liberal opinions—enthusiastic admirers of republican America. These coincidences seem to us more than accidental.

Immediately on their arrival at Chioff our travellers proceeded to the director of the diligence. There was no need of such forethought; the projector of this great scheme for national intercommunication had advertised for a fortnight, but had not had a single applicant. He resolved, however, to put his grand project in execution, and to start with Mr. Stephens and his companion:—

"With great pomp and circumstance we drove through the principal streets, to advise the Knickerbockers of Chioff of the actual departure of the long-talked-of diligence, the conductor sounding his trumpet, and the people stopping in the streets and running to the doors to see the extraordinary spectacle. We descended the long wooden road to the river, and crossed the Dnieper on a bridge about half a mile long. On the opposite bank I turned for the last time to the sacred city, and I never saw anything more unique and strikingly beautiful than the high, commanding position of this city on a hill, crowned with its golden cupolas and domes, that reflected the sun with dazzling brightness. For a short distance the country was rather undulating, but soon settled into the regular steppe. We rolled on all day without anything to annoy us or even to interest us, except processions of pilgrims on their way to Chioff. They travelled on foot in bands of one or two hundred, men, women, and children, headed by a white-bearded monk, barefooted, and leaning on a staff. During the night I was roused by a loud chant, and, looking out, saw a group of more than a hundred pilgrims gathered round a fire, with an old monk in the midst of them, breaking the stillness of night with songs of devotion; and all the night long, as we rode swiftly by, I saw by the bright moonlight groups of forty, fifty, or a hundred lying by the roadside asleep under the trees. More than fifty thousand pilgrims that year visited the catacombs of Kiev, coming from every part of the immense empire of Russia, and many from Kamchatka and the most distant region of Siberia, performing the whole journey on foot, seldom sleeping under a roof, and living upon the precarious charity of the miserable peasants on the road. I have since seen the gathering of pilgrims at Jerusalem, and the whole body moving together from the gates of the city to bathe in the Jordan, and I have seen the great caravan of forty thousand true believers tracking their desolate way through the deserts of Arabia to the tomb of the Prophet at Mecca; but I remember, as if they were before me now, the groups of Russian pilgrims strowed along the road and sleeping under the pale moonlight, the bare earth their bed, the heavens their only covering."

Few things worth notice occurred on the road: the villages were much of the same character, the people in much the same state, moral and social. But on one occasion Mr. Stephens observes, "on entering the village we saw a spectacle of wretchedness and misery seldom surpassed; the whole population was gathered in the streets, in a state of absolute starvation. The miserable serfs had not raised enough to supply themselves with food; and men of all ages, half-grown boys, and little children, were prowling the streets, or sitting in door-ways, ravenous with hunger, and waiting for the agent to come down from the chateau and distribute among them bread." Mr. Stephens, to his honour, takes this opportunity of expressing his horror of slavery, whether of white men or black, and whether in Europe or America. The principal

towns passed on the road were Orel and Toula, containing each a population of from four to five thousand. The latter is a manufacturing town, and celebrated for its cutlery:—

"Everywhere the diligence created a great sensation; the knowing ones said it would never do; but at Orel one spirited individual said if we would wait three days for him he would go on with us. It can hardly seem credible, in our steamboat and railroad community, that a public conveyance could roll on for seven days and nights through many villages and towns, toward the capital of an immense empire, and not take in a single way-passenger; but such was the fact."

On the seventh day, and alone as they started from Chioff, our travellers entered Moscow:—

"As we rode through the wide and showy streets, the first thing that struck me as strange, and, in this inhospitable climate (always associated in my mind with rude and wintry scenes), as singularly beautiful, was the profusion of plants and flowers, with the remarkable degree of taste and attention given to their cultivation. In Greece and Turkey I have seen the rarest plants and flowers literally 'wasting their sweetness on the desert air'; while here, in the heart of an inhospitable country, every house had a courtyard or garden, and in front a light open portico or veranda, ornamented with plants, and shrubs, and flowers, forced into a glowing though unnatural beauty. The whole appearance of the city is Asiatic; and as the exhibition of flowers in front of the better class of houses was almost universal, Moscow seemed basking in the mild climate of southern Asia, rioting in its brief period of vernal existence."

Mr. Stephens having secured an apartment at the Hotel Germanica, mounted a drosky and hurried off to a bath. The Russian bath has been often described, seldom more graphically than by our author:—

"Riding out to the suburbs, the drosky boy stopped at a large wooden building, pouring forth steam from every chink and crevice. At the entrance stood several half-naked men, one of whom led me to an apartment to undress, and then conducted me to another, in one end of which were a furnace and apparatus for generating steam. I was then familiar with the Turkish bath, but the worst I had known was like the breath of the gentle south wind compared with the heat of this apartment. The operator placed me in the middle of the floor, opened the upper door of the stove, and dashed into it a bucketful of water, which sent forth volumes of steam like a thick fog into every part of the room, and then laid me down on a platform about three feet high and rubbed my body with a mop dipped in soap and hot water; then he raised me up, and deluged me with hot water, pouring several tubfuls on my head; then laid me down again, and scrubbed me with soap and water from my head to my heels, long enough, if the thing were possible, to make a blackamoor white; then gave me another sousing with hot water, and another scrubbing with pure water, and then conducted me up a flight of steps to a high platform, stretched me out on a bench within a few feet of the ceiling, and commenced whipping me with twigs of birch, with the leaves on them, dipped in hot water. It was hot as an oven where he laid me down on the bench; the vapour, which almost suffocated me below, ascended to the ceiling, and, finding no avenue of escape, gathered round my devoted body, fairly scalding and blistering me; and when I removed my hands from my face, I felt as if I had carried away my whole profile. I tried to hold out to the end, but I was burning, scorching, and consuming. In agony I cried out to my tormentor to let me up; but he did not understand me, or was loath to let me go, and kept thrashing me with the bunch of twigs until, perfectly desperate, I sprang off the bench, tumbled him over, and descended to the floor. But my tormentor had not done with me; and, as I was hurrying to the door, he dashed over me a tub of cold water. I was so hot that it seemed to hiss as it touched me; he came at me with another, and at that moment I could imagine, what had always seemed a traveller's story, the high satisfaction and perfect safety with which the Russian in mid-winter rushes from his hot bath and rolls himself in the snow. The

grim features of my tormentor relaxed as he saw the change that came over me. I withdrew to my dressing-room, dozed an hour on the settee, and went out a new man."

The outward and visible Moscow is well known, so far at least as a hasty traveller could observe or describe it. The Kremlin, the Emperor's garden, the churches, the high tower, the great bell, the Salle des Nobles, the Pedroski, the Allée des Peuples, with its dancing gipsies (see *Athenæum*, No. 460), are the objects that most prominently offer themselves, and have been most frequently described. We shall therefore push on for St. Petersburg. The road, says Mr. Stephens, "is one of the best I ever saw, the diligence the best I ever rode in":—

"Our companions were a man about thirty-five, a cattle-driver, with his trousers torn, and his linen hanging out ostentatiously in different places, and an old man about sixty-five, just so far civilized as to have cut off the long beard and put on broadcloth clothes. It was the first time the old man had ever been on a journey from home; everything was new to him, and he seemed puzzled to know what to make of us; he could not comprehend how we could look, and walk, and eat like Russians, and not talk like them. My place was directly opposite his, and, as soon as we were seated, he began to talk to me. I looked at him and made no answer; he began again, and went on in an uninterrupted strain for several minutes, more and more surprised that I did not answer, or answered only in unintelligible sounds. After a while he seemed to come to the conclusion that I was deaf and dumb, and turned to my companion as to my keeper for an explanation. Finding he could do nothing there, he appeared alarmed, and it was some time before he could get a clear idea of the matter. When he did, however, he pulled off an amazingly white glove, took my hand and shook it, pointed to his head, shook it, and touched my head, then put his hand to his heart, then to my heart; all which was to say, that though our heads did not understand each other, our hearts did. But though he saw we did not understand him, he did not on that account stop talking; indeed, he talked incessantly, and the only way of stopping him was to look directly in his face and talk back again; and I read him long lectures, particularly upon the snares and temptations of the world into which he was about to plunge, and wound up with stanzas of poetry and scraps of Greek and Latin, all which the old man listened to without ever interrupting me, bending his ear as if he expected every moment to catch something he understood; and when I had finished, after a moment's blank expression he whipped off his white glove, took my hand, and touched significantly his head and heart. Indeed, a dozen times a day he did this; and particularly whenever we got out, on resuming our seats, as a sort of renewal of the compact of good fellowship, the glove invariably came off, and the significant movement between the hand, head, and heart was repeated. The second day a young seigneur, named Chickoff, who spoke French, joined the diligence, and through him we had full explanations with the old Russian."

"In many places on the road are chapels with figures of the Panagia, or all holy virgin, or some of the saints; and our old Russian, constantly on the lookout for them, never passed one without taking off his hat and going through the whole formula of crosses; sometimes, in entering a town, they came upon us in such quick succession, first on one side, then on the other, that, if he had not been engaged in, to him, a sacred ceremony, his hurry and perplexity would have been ludicrous. During the night we saw fires ahead, and a little off the road were the bivouacs of teamsters or wayfarers, who could not pay for lodging in a miserable Russian hut. All the way we met the great caravan teams carrying tallow, hides, hemp, and other merchandise to the cities, and bringing back wrought fabrics, groceries, &c., into the interior. They were generally thirty or forty together, one man or woman attending to three or four carts, or, rather, neglecting them, as the driver was generally asleep on the top of his load."

Our stay at St. Petersburg will be brief. The Newski Perspective, the Winter Palace, the Her-

mitage, the Hôtel des Mines, the Statue of Peter, the Alexandrine column, have already figured in our Annuals, and may therefore be passed without regret or observation.—We shall, however, offer a scene of out-of-door life, and are only perplexed whether to choose the fête at Peterhoff or that at the Summer Islands: the latter has it:—

"These islands are formed by the branches of the Neva, at about three versts from St. Petersburg. They are beautifully laid out in grass and gravel-walks, ornamented with trees, lakes, shrubs, and flowers, connected together by light and elegant bridges, and adorned with beautiful little summer-houses. These summer houses are perfectly captivating; light and airy in their construction, and completely buried among the trees. As we walked along we heard music or gentle voices, and now and then came upon a charming cottage, with a beautiful lawn or garden, just enough exposed to let the passer-by imagine what he pleased; and on the lawn was a light fanciful tent, or an arbour hung with foliage, under which the occupants, with perhaps a party of friends from the city, were taking tea, and groups of rosy children were romping around them, while thousands were passing by and looking on, with as perfect an appearance of domestic abandon as if in the privacy of the fireside. I have sometimes reproached myself that my humour changed with every passing scene; but, inasmuch as it generally tended toward at least a momentary satisfaction, I did not seek to check it; and though, from habit and education, I would have shrunk from such a family exhibition, here it was perfectly delightful. It seemed like going back to a simpler and purer age. The gay and smiling faces seemed to indicate happy hearts; and when I saw a mother playing on the green with a little cherub daughter, I felt how I hung upon the community, a loose and disjointed member, and would fain have added myself to some cheerful family group. A little farther on, however, I saw a papa flogging a chubby urchin, who drowned with his bellowing the music from a neighbouring arbour, which somewhat broke the charm of this public exhibition of scenes of domestic life."

We now propose to start for Warsaw, having here too, picked up a travelling companion. On returning one evening to his hotel, Mr. Stephens was informed that a traveller had just arrived from Warsaw:—

"I sent (says Mr. Stephens) to ask the traveller if he would admit me, and shortly after called myself. He was a young man, under thirty, above the middle size, strong and robust of frame, with good features, light complexion, but very much freckled, a head of extraordinary red hair, and a mustache of the same brilliant colour; and he was dressed in a coloured stuff morning-gown, and smoking a pipe with an air of no small dignity and importance. I explained the purpose of my visit, and he gave me as precise information as could possibly be had; and the most gratifying part of the interview was, that before we separated he told me that he intended returning to Warsaw in about ten days, and would be happy to have me bear him company. I gladly embraced his offer. * * He was a Frenchman by descent, born in Belgium, and educated and resident in Poland, and possessed in a striking degree the compounded amor patriæ incident to the relationship in which he stood to these three countries. * *

"Early next morning, while at breakfast, I heard a loud knock at my door, which was opened without waiting for an answer, and in stalked a tall, stout, dashing-looking young man, with a blue frock, white pantaloons, and a vest of many colours, a heavy gold chain around his neck, an enormous Indian cane in his hand, and a broad-brimmed hat brought down on one side, over his right eye in particular. He had a terrible scowl on his face, which seemed to be put on to sustain the dignity of his amazing costume, and he bowed on his entrance with as much hauteur as if he meant to turn me out of my own room. I stared at him in unfeigned astonishment, when, putting his cane under his arm, and pulling off his hat, his intensely red head broke upon me with a blaze of beauty, and I recognised my friend and intended fellow-traveller, the French Belgian Pole, whom I had seen in an old morning-gown and slippers. I

saw through my man at once; and speedily knocking in the head his overwhelming formality, came upon him with the old college salutation, asking him to pull off his clothes and stay a week; and he complied almost literally, for in less than ten minutes he had off his coat and waistcoat, cravat and boots, and was kicking up his heels on my bed. I soon discovered that he was a capital fellow, a great beau in his little town on the frontiers of Poland, and one of a class by no means uncommon, that of the very ugly men who imagine themselves very handsome. While he was kicking his heels over the footboard, he asked me what we thought of red hair in America; and I told him that I could not undertake to speak the public voice, but that, for myself, I did not admire it as much as some people did, though as to his, there was something striking about it, which was strictly true, for it was such an enormous mop, that, as his head lay on the pillow, it looked like a bust set in a large red frame."

The journey to Warsaw, though wanting in interest, was not without incidents: here is one of them, which occurred just after crossing the Berezina:—

"The continued tinkling of the bell, which, on my first entering Russia, grated on my ear, had become agreeable to me, and in a dark night particularly was a pleasing sound. The song of the postillion, too, harmonized with the repose of spirit at that moment most grateful to us: that too died away, the bell almost ceased its tinkling, and, in spite of the alarm of war which we had all day been ringing in our own ears, we should probably soon have fallen into a sleep as sound, for a little while at least, as that of them who slept under the waters of the Berezina, but we were suddenly roused by a shock as alarming to quiet travellers as the hurra of the Cossack in the ears of the flying Frenchmen. Our horses sprang out of the road, but not in time to avoid a concussion with another waggon going toward Borisoff. Both postillions were thrown off their seats; and the stranger, picking himself up, came at us with a stream of Lithuanian Russian almost harsh enough to frighten the horses. I will not suggest what its effect was upon us, but only that, as to myself, it seemed at first to equal the voice of at least a dozen freebooters and marauders; and if the English of it had been 'stand and deliver,' I should probably have given up my carpet-bag without asking to reserve a change of linen. But I was restored by the return fire of our postillion, who drowned completely the attack of his adversary by his outrageous clamour; and when he stopped to take breath, my companion followed up the defence, and this brought out a fourth voice from the bottom of the opposite waggon. A truce was called, and waiving the question on which side the fault lay, we all got out to ascertain the damage. Our antagonist passenger was a German merchant, used to roughing it twice every year between Berlin, Warsaw, Petersburg, and Moscow, and took our smashing together at night in this desolate forest as coolly as a rub of the shoulders in the streets; and, when satisfied that his waggon was not injured, kindly asked us if we had any bones broken. We returned his kind inquiries; and, after further interchanges of politeness, he said that he was happy to make our acquaintance, and invited us to come and see him at Berlin. We wanted him to go back and let us have a look at him by torchlight, but he declined; and, after feeling him stretched out in his bed in the bottom of his waggon, we started him on his way."

The account of the battle of Gorkow, collected on the spot, and from parties who were engaged in it, is a spirit-stirring narrative:—

"The battle of Gorkow, the greatest in Europe since that of Waterloo, was fought on the 25th of February, 1831, and the place where I stood commanded a view of the whole ground. The Russian army was under the command of Diebitsch, and consisted of one hundred and forty-two thousand infantry, forty thousand cavalry, and three hundred and twelve pieces of cannon. This enormous force was arranged in two lines of combatants, and a third of reserve. * * Against this immense army the Poles opposed less than fifty thousand men and a hundred pieces of cannon, under the command of General Skrzynecki. At break of day, the whole force of the

Russian right wing, with a terrible fire of fifty pieces of artillery and columns of infantry, charged the Polish left, with the determination of carrying it by a single and overpowering effort. The Poles, with six thousand five hundred men and twelve pieces of artillery, not yielding a foot of ground, and knowing they could hope for no success, resisted their attack for several hours, until the Russians slackened their fire. About ten o'clock, the plain was suddenly covered with the Russian forces issuing from the cover of the forest, seeming one undivided mass of troops. Two hundred pieces of cannon, posted on a single line, commenced a fire which made the earth tremble, and was more terrible than the oldest officers, many of whom had fought at Marengo and Austerlitz, had ever beheld. The Russians now made an attack upon the right wing; but failed in this, and upon the left, Diebitsch directed the strength of his army against the Forest of Elders, hoping to divide the Poles into two parts. One hundred and twenty pieces of cannon were brought to bear on this one point, and fifty battalions, incessantly pushed to the attack, kept up a scene of massacre unheard of in the annals of war. A Polish officer who was in the battle told me that the small streams which intersected the forest were so choked with dead that the infantry marched directly over their bodies. Their heroic Poles, with twelve battalions, for four hours defended the forest against the tremendous attack. Nine times they were driven out, and nine times by a series of admirably-executed manoeuvres, they repulsed the Russians with immense loss. Batteries, now concentrated in one point, were in a moment hurried to another, and the artillery advanced to the charge like cavalry, sometimes within a hundred feet of the enemy's columns, and there opened a murderous fire of grape. At three o'clock the general, many of whom were wounded, and most of whom had their horses shot under them, and fought on foot at the head of their divisions, resolved upon a retrograde movement, so as to draw the Russians on the open plain. Diebitsch, supposing it to be a slight, looked over to the city and exclaimed, 'Well, then, it appears that, after this bloody day, I shall take tea in the Belvidere Palace.' The Russian troops debouched from the forest. A cloud of Russian cavalry, with several regiments of heavy cuirassiers at their head, advanced to the attack. Colonel Pientka, who had kept up an unrelenting fire from his battery for five hours, seated with perfect sangfroid upon a disabled piece of cannon, remained to give another effective fire, then left at full gallop a post which he had so long occupied under the terrible fire of the enemy's artillery. This rapid movement of his battery animated the Russian forces. The cavalry advanced on a trot upon the line of a battery of rockets. A terrible discharge was poured into their ranks, and the horses, galled to madness by the flakes of fire, became wholly ungovernable, and broke away, spreading disorder in every direction; the whole body swept helplessly along the line of the Polish infantry, and in a few minutes was completely annihilated that, of a regiment of cuirassiers who bore inscribed on their helmets the 'Invincibles,' not a man escaped. The wreck of the routed cavalry, pursued by the lancers, carried along in its flight the columns of infantry; a general retreat commenced, and the cry of 'Poland for ever!' reached the walls of Warsaw to cheer the hearts of its anxious inhabitants. So terrible was the fire of that day, that in the Polish army there was not a single general or staff officer who had not his horse killed or wounded under him; two-thirds of the officers, and, perhaps, of the soldiers, had their clothes pierced with balls, and more than a tenth part of the army were wounded. Thirty thousand Russians and ten thousand Poles were left on the field of battle; rank upon rank lay prostrate on the earth, and the Forest of Elders was so strewn with bodies, that it received from that day the name of the 'Forest of the Dead.' The Czar heard with dismay, and all Europe with astonishment, that the crosser of the Balkan had been foiled under the walls of Warsaw. All day, my companion said, the cannonading was terrible. Crowds of citizens, of both sexes and all ages, were assembled on the spot where we stood, earnestly watching the progress of the battle, sharing in all its vicissitudes, in the highest state of excitement as the clearing up of the columns

of smoke showed when the Russians or the Poles had fled; and he described the entry of the remnant of the Polish army into Warsaw as sublime and terrible: their hair and faces were begrimed with powder and blood; their armour shattered and broken, and all, even dying men, were singing patriotic songs; and when the fourth regiment, among whom was a brother of my companion, and who had particularly distinguished themselves in the battle, crossed the bridge, and filed slowly through the streets, their lances shivered against the cuirasses of the guards, their helmets broken, their faces black and spotted with blood, some erect, some tottering, and some barely able to sustain themselves in the saddle, above the stern chorus of patriotic songs rose the distracted cries of mothers, wives, daughters, and lovers, seeking among this broken band for forms dearer than life, many of whom were then sleeping on the battle-field."

Of Warsaw generally, Mr. Stephens observes:

"Immediately on entering it I was struck with the European aspect of things. It seemed almost, though not quite, like a city of Western Europe, which may, perhaps, be ascribed, in a great measure, to the entire absence of the semi-Asiatic costumes so prevalent in all the cities of Russia, and even at St. Petersburg; and the only thing I remarked peculiar in the dress of the inhabitants was the remnant of a barbarous taste for show, exhibiting itself in large breastpins, shirt-buttons, and gold chains over the vest; the mustache is universally worn. During the war of the revolution immediately succeeding our own, Warsaw stood the heaviest brunt; and when Kosciuszko fell fighting before it, its population was reduced to seventy-five thousand. Since that time it has increased, and is supposed now to be one hundred and forty thousand, thirty thousand of whom are Jews. Calamity after calamity has befallen Warsaw; still its appearance is that of a gay city. Society consists altogether of two distinct and distant orders, the nobles and the peasantry, without any intermediate degrees. I except, of course, the Jews, who form a large item in her population, and whose long beards, thin and anxious faces, and piercing eyes, met me at every corner of Warsaw. The peasants are in the lowest stage of mental degradation. The nobles, who are more numerous than in any other country in Europe, have always, in the eyes of the public, formed the people of Poland. They are brave, prompt, frank, hospitable, and gay, and have long been called the French of the North, being French in their habits, fond of amusements, and living in the open air, like the loungers in the Palais Royal, the Tuilleries, the Boulevards, and Luxembourg; and particularly French in their political feelings, the surges of a revolution in Paris being always felt at Warsaw. They regard the Germans with mingled contempt and aversion, calling them 'dumb' in contrast with their own fluency and loquacity; and before their fall were called by their neighbours the 'proud Poles.' They consider it the deepest disgrace to practise any profession, even law or medicine, and, in case of utmost necessity, prefer the plough. A Sicilian, a fellow-passenger from Palermo to Naples, who one moment was groaning in the agony of sea-sickness, and the next playing on his violin, said to me, 'Canta il signore?' 'Do you sing?' I answered 'No,' and he continued, 'Suonate?' 'Do you play?' I again answered 'No,' and he asked me, with great simplicity, 'Cosa fatte?' 'Niente?' 'What do you do?' 'Nothing?' and I might have addressed the same question to every Pole in Warsaw. The whole business of the country is in the hands of the Jews, and all the useful and mechanical arts are practised by strangers. I did not find a Pole in a single shop in Warsaw; the proprietors of the hotels and coffee-houses are strangers, principally Germans; my tailor was a German, my shoemaker a Frenchman, and the man who put a new crystal in my watch an Italian from Milan."

"There is nothing particularly worthy of observation on the road from Warsaw to Cracow—the country was generally fertile, but tame and uninteresting. We come now to what, as if in mockery, is called the free city of Cracow:—

"Cracow is an old, curious, and interesting city, situated in a valley on the banks of the Vistula; and approaching it as I did, toward the sunset of a

summer's day, the old churches and towers, the lofty castles and the large houses spread out on the immense plains, gave it an appearance of actual splendour. This faded away as I entered, but still the city inspired a feeling of respect, for it bore the impress of better days. It contains numerous churches, some of them very large, and remarkable for their style and architecture, and more than a hundred monasteries and convents. In the centre is a large square, on which stands the church of Notre Dame, an immense Gothic structure, and also the old palace of Sobieski, now cut down into shops, and many large private residences, uninhabited and falling to ruins. The principal streets terminate in this square. Almost every building bears striking marks of ruined grandeur. * * * Even in its fallen state Cracow is dear to the Pole's heart, for it was the capital of his country when Poland ranked high among nations, and down to him who last sat upon her throne, was the place of coronation and of burial for her kings. It is the residence of many of the old Polish nobility, who, with reduced fortunes, prefer this little foothold in their country, where liberty nominally lingers, to exile in foreign lands. It now contains a population of about thirty thousand, including Jews. Occasionally the seigneur is still seen, in his short cassock of blue cloth, with a red sash and a white square-topped cap; a costume admirably adapted to the tall and noble figure of the proud Pole, and the costume of the peasant of Cracow is still a striking feature in her streets. After a stroll through the churches, I walked on the old ramparts of Cracow. The city was formerly surrounded with regular fortifications, but, as in almost all the cities of Europe, her ancient walls have been transformed into Boulevards; and now handsome avenues of trees encircle it, destroying altogether its Gothic military aspect, and on Sundays and fête days the whole population gathers in gay dresses, seeking pleasure where their fathers stood clad in armour and arrayed for battle. * * * My heart beat high as I turned to a monument in the environs; an immense mound of earth, standing on an eminence visible from every quarter, towering almost into a mountain, and sacred to the memory of Kosciuszko! I saw it from the palace of the kings and from the ramparts of the fallen city, and, with my eyes constantly fixed upon it, descended to the Vistula, followed its bank to a large convent, and then turned to the right, direct for the mound. I walked to the foot of the hill, and ascended to a broad table of land. From this table the mound rises in a conical form, from a base three hundred feet in diameter, to the height of one hundred and seventy-five feet. At the four corners formerly stood small houses, which were occupied by revolutionary soldiers who had served under Kosciuszko. On the farther side, enclosed by a railing, was a small chapel, and within it a marble tomb covering Kosciuszko's heart! A circular path winds round the mound; I ascended by this path to the top. It is built of earth sodded, and was then covered with a thick carpet of grass, and reminded me of the tumuli of the Grecian heroes on the plains of Troy; and perhaps, when thousands of years shall have rolled by, and all connected with our age be forgotten, and time and exposure to the elements shall have changed its form, another stranger will stand where I did, and wonder why and for what it was raised. It was erected in 1819 by the voluntary labour of the Polish people; and so great was the enthusiasm, that, as an eye-witness told me, wounded soldiers brought earth in their helmets, and women in their slippers; and I remembered, with a swelling heart, that on this consecrated spot a nation of brave men had turned to my country as the star of liberty, and that here a banner had been unfurled and hailed with acclamations by assembled thousands, bearing the sacred inscription, 'Kosciuszko, the friend of Washington!'"

Here, on the Vistula, Mr. Stephens, somewhat abruptly, terminates his very pleasant narrative. We have travelled with him so far on this and on a former occasion, and have been so well satisfied with our companion, that we shake hands as with an old friend. We fear that there is but too much truth in his concluding sentence, that we are not likely to meet again. He is now, we suppose, poring once again over his old

law folios in his native city; and we can only hope he will be as successful a lawyer as he has been a recorder of the incidents of travel.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE. 1850. 1851. 1852. *The Huguenot; a tale of the French Protestants*, by the author of 'The Gipsy.' 3 vols. The historical romances of Mr. James remind us of beads on a string—smoothly rounded, gaily-coloured, but presenting to the eye no salient points of difference. A fair measure of constructiveness—the power of maintaining suspense, and evenly weaving up the disparate threads of a story—a commonplace book well filled with noble European names, heraldic devices and costumes, containing here and there a trait to give situation to a scene, or a repartee to point a dialogue—a perception and a preference of what is chivalresque, noble and generous in character: *volla tout*; beyond these, the novels of Mr. James possess no features and characteristics which are not also common to those of the meanest Scheherazade of Grub Street, who spins her endless manufacture to supply the Leadenhall market. Mr. James's recent researches into the times of Louis Quatorze have probably determined the date and some of the characters of his story. Among the historical personages, Le Grand Monarque himself, Madame de Maintenon, and Louvois, figure; and we are shown the preliminaries to the mysterious marriage of the two former. As creatures of the author's brain, we have Albert Le Comte de Morseuil, and his friend Le Chevalier d'Erran, Clemence de Marly, who is sufficiently Proteus-like in her moods and her movements, but, also, sufficiently attractive and heart-sound, to satisfy us for a heroine.—Brown Keroual, a sort of Huguenot Rob Roy, and Riquet, the valet, an elaborately described Scapin (whom, after all, we are compelled to take on trust, since Mr. James does not make us see him), &c. &c. No want of well contrasted personages here to maintain the bustle of such a story! To lead our readers "about and about" through its mazes, would demand a longer clue than the Fates afford us at this hurrying Christmas time; we must, therefore, content ourselves with dismissing the 'Huguenot' as a book likely to please those who have been pleased with its brethren and predecessor novels.

Pictures of the World at Home and Abroad, by the Author of 'Tremaine.' 3 vols.—It was said of a recent play-wright, (Morton, we believe,) that, to judge from the titles of his works, he was never so happy as when keeping school. The same conclusion might be drawn from the plan of Mr. Ward's tales, yet more from his prefaces. The introductory pages to these, his last volumes, are singularly pompous and didactic;—the author unfolds his designs after the deliberate fashion of a "Sir Oracle," from whose discussions, an unsettled world of thinkers is awaiting direction, if not conviction. He thinks it even necessary to account for a romantic episode in 'Penruddock,' by declaring it "a piece of true family history," the introduction of which, into his sage chronicle of experience, is not to prejudice his reputation as "a would-be philosopher, but a philosopher in disguise." Now, acknowledging all due thanks to Mr. Ward, as we gladly do, for his admirable 'De Vere,' we are still bound to declare that his present essay, in substance and treatment, is feeble and trifling—on no possible ground or merit calling for so solemn and self-important a prelude. The first tale, 'Sterling,' might have been entitled 'The School for Trust-Hunters'—the author depicts minutely and naturally the agonies endured by a young man who is smitten with a mania for fine society—but the whole is faded and diluted, when compared with the group of the Partridges, and Freshville, and Sir Bertie Brewster, who figure in his own 'De Vere.' In 'Penruddock,' Mr. Ward describes the sufferings of "a fine old English gentleman," under the new opinions with which his tenantry have been inoculated by the heir-at-law and a Radical banker. Disgusted with their apostasy, Penruddock is resolved to leave England and his estates to take care of themselves. If Mr. Ward intends to represent this as the line of conduct which it is philosophical and dignified to assume, under such circumstances—then, in the tale as here told, there are many who, notwithstanding the constant weight thrown by him into the Tory scale, of all that

is delicate in feeling, graceful in manner, and picturesque in position, will read it as a confession of weakness: for how does Mr. Ward reconcile the "high-minded man" to his country, and to the duties, which common sense tells us would bind such an one there most imperatively, when the peril was greatest?—by re-uniting him, in the true Rosa Matilda style, to a long lost lady-love, who presents him with a more orthodox heir than the heir-at-law, and by bringing down shame and ruin, in their most disgraceful forms, on the head of the Radical banker—the moral resolves itself. In 'Rheindorf,' the third tale, Mr. Ward carries his *Jacobin-phobia* to a yet more violent extremity. Each of these 'Pictures' contains beautiful sketches of scenery, and finely observed and neatly pencilled snatches of character, but, as a whole, they sadly want colour and force; and (in their entire scope and purpose) truth to the actual life and spirit of this nineteenth century of ours.

A Book of the Passions, by G. P. R. James, Esq. Illustrated with sixteen engravings.—The illustrations to this volume, in all that concerns their mechanical execution, are superior to those of either Capt. Marryat's 'Pirate,' or Sir E. L. Bulwer's 'Leila,' sent forth by the same proprietor, in a like costly and decorated fashion; but, as works of art, they are inferior: indeed, nothing can be said of them, unless we once again "take up our parable," against the boudoir school of designers. The literature, too, is beneath Mr. James's usual level; it is not, indeed, equal to the lighter and pleasanter tales in many of the *Annals*; it reveals nothing new, either of human passion or character, and the style is a model of what ought to be avoided—flat and wearisome in narrative, and turgid and inflated when it is intended to be earnest and emphatic. It is not often that such criticism can be illustrated without more tediousness than would be excused by the reader; but fortunately on this occasion, the dedication offers itself in proof. The customary language in which one friend presents a book to another is well known, and substantially Mr. James travels in the railroad track:—Thus, "To A. B., this work, as a testimony of respect, esteem, and regard, is dedicated." So far, well; this is Mr. James's narrative style—we now come to the passionate, and the real dedication, "To A. B., this work, as a slight and insufficient testimony, of the most sincere respect, and the deepest personal regard, is dedicated." What are all these superlatives but "words, words, words"? and the reader will readily believe, that a volume on the Passions, written in such a style, is enough to break the heart of a reviewer.

The Works of Ben Jonson, with a Memoir, by Barry Cornwall.—From the many republications of works of this character which we have been called on to announce within the last twelvemonth, we would willingly hope that a taste for sound wholesome literature is widely diffusing itself among the people: for these compressing volumes are not at all likely to supersede the more diffuse editions, with such as can afford to pay for the latter: they are rather a substitute, and suited to the means of those who could not in a lifetime procure even a dozen standard works published after the old fashion. Mr. Moxon appears to have taken the dramatists under his special charge—his edition of Shakspeare we lately noticed. The present volume is got up in excellent taste, with a portrait, and a vignette of Hawthornden. The Memoir is satisfactory, though necessarily brief; and accompanied by a sketch of the history of dramatic literature, and remarks on the genius of Jonson, written with discriminating judgment.

Murphy's Essay on Consciousness.—The author has given a striking example of scepticism running into dogmatism; he calls upon mankind to resign opinions, just as irrationally as the Brahmins call upon their followers to believe.

My Mother's Stories: or Traditions and Recollections, by Esther Copley.—These stories for the young are generally simple in incident, and told with that plain good taste, which distinguishes Esther Copley's other writings.

Educational Reminiscences, by E. Jones.—This work is creditable to the authoress. She has shown that, with less trouble than is bestowed on making children mere mnemonic machines, they may be trained as moral and intellectual beings, and induced to receive instructions as a pleasure rather than a task.

Eugenius on the Foundation of Morals.—A defence of Paley's theory of morals against the late attack made upon it by Prof. Whewell. The writer is master of his subject, and "cunning of fence," and Mr. Whewell has met a formidable antagonist.

Prince's Parallel History.—The plan of this work is not very judicious, but the execution is worse. It is enough to say that the life of Elwes, the miser, occupies more space in the history than the whole of the Augustan age.

Cookesley's Selections from Pindar.—The selections are judicious, and the explanatory notes remove most of the difficulties likely to impede the progress of a student.

Ferguson's Selections from Ovid.—A new edition of a work which has been found a very useful introduction to the study of the Latin poets.

Eulenstein's German Grammar.—Nine-tenths of the grammars and vocabularies annually published are mere advertisements. This is a nuisance that must be abated.

The English-Welsh Teacher.—This little work has been found useful in the principality of Wales, and we are glad to see that it has reached a second edition.

Mercier's Tables of French Verbs.—There is some ingenuity displayed in the contrivance of this table, but its utility is questionable.

Astronomy Simplified, by F. B. Burton.—A cheap compendium of the results of astronomical science. This little pamphlet has the merits of condensation of matter, clearness of statement, and judicious arrangement; its defects are a somewhat inflated style, and a too learned phraseology, that must limit its utility as a popular instructor.

Laurence's Perspective Simplified.—The author has fallen into the error of giving students of perspective more credit for geometrical knowledge than they usually possess. To a student acquainted with the elements of mathematics, Mr. Laurence's work cannot fail to be useful, but we fear that it would not be understood by those who do not possess such knowledge.

Moody's Refutation of Astrology.—This work is designed to refute the vagaries of Lieut. Morison, who has, it appears, taken to predicting events and casting nativities. The harmless follies of the Lieutenant have given alarm to some worthy people in Cheltenham, and nine clergymen have sanctioned Mr. Moody's refutation of the astrologer's claims!

New Editions.—We have on our table some works which we may hereafter refer to more at length; but in the meanwhile it may be well to announce their

republication, before the year closes upon us. Among the more important of these are the *Treatise on Physiology and Phrenology*, by Dr. Roget, and on *Physical Geography*, by Professor Trail; both from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. *Sketches and Essays of William Hazlitt*, now first collected by his Son. *The Report to the American Board of Education on School House* (see *Athen.* No. 563). *Rifles on Physical Education*.

Burr's Elements of Practical Geology.—*Donner's Introduction to Astronomy*, edited by J. K. Young. Prof. of Mathematics at Belfast Coll.—*Wild Sports of the West*.—*The Revolt of the Bees*.—*Beale's Natural History of the Sperm Whale*.—A sixth edition of Wilson's *History of Christ's Hospital*.—A second edition of *A Course of Lectures to Young Men*.—*Ministers in connection with the Christian Instruction Society*, which appears to us, well adapted to its designed end.—A second edition of Dr. Nichol's *Architecture of the Heavens*.—*The Student's Manual*, by Todd; and *Rolls at Play*, by Abbott; both reprints of American works.—*Renou's Disquisitions*, exemplifying the Philosophy of Christianity.—*Paul and Virginia* has also been added to Mr. Smith's *Standard Library*—and better still, Mrs. Hutchinson's *Memoir of C. Hutchinson*: a work cheap at any price, and now to be had for half-a-crown.

List of New Books.—The *Journal and Letters of the Rev. H. Martyn*, new edit. 12mo. abridged, 7s. 6d. cl.—*Paul's Plain Sermons*, 3rd series, 12mo. 3s. cl.—*Paul's Adlections and Descriptions*, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—*Perpetual Essays on the Diseases of Women*, post 8vo. 9s. 6d. cl.—*Mayo's Pathology of the Human Mind*, 8s. 6d. cl.—*The Widow of Barnaby*, by Mrs. Trollope, 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.—*Churton's Portrait and Landscape Gallery*, 2nd series, 8vo. 21s. bds.—*Ancient Scottish Meekies*, 4to. 12s. cl.—*Coleridge's Church and State and Lay Sermons*, 7s. 6d. cl.—*Montague's Selections from Taylor, Latimer, Hall, &c.* 5s. cl.—*Hexameterical Experiments*, 4th of Virgil's *Pastorals*, 3rd. 12s. cl.—*Our Neighbourhood*, by Mrs. Cameron, 8s. 5s. cl.—*Grammar of Law*, by a Barrister, 12mo. 5s. cl.—*Illustrated Family Bible and Concordance*, 2s. 12s. 6d., large paper 3s. 13s. 6d.—*The Land of Promise, an Important History of South Australia*, 4s. cl.—*Gladstone's England*, abridged, new edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Furlong's Hints toward the Improvement of Female Education*, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—*Ferguson's Complete System of Arithmetic*, 18mo. 1s. cl.—*The Northumbrian Mirror*, 12mo. 5s. cl.—*Oxenden's Sermons on the Seven Penitential Psalms*, 12mo. 5s. cl.—*Chalmers' (Rev. Dr.) Lectures on the Romans*, Vol. II. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*Dodley and Livingston's Annual Register*, 1837, 8vo. 18s. bds.—*Scima's Tale of the Sixth Crusade*, 6s. 7s. cl.—*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, Vol. XLII. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—*The Pictorial History of England*, Vol. II. super-royal, 8vo. 24s. cl.—*Wiblin's Guide to the Paris Hospitals*, 12mo. 3s. cl.—*Key to a Collection of Medical Formulas*, by Dr. Spillan, 42mo. 2s. cl.—*The East India Register*, 1839, 8vo. 4s. cl.—*The Hand Book of Magic*, 18mo. 1s. cl.

Meteorological Observations made at the Apartments of the Royal Society, Somerset House, for 25 successive hours, commencing 6 A.M. of the 21st of December, 1838, and ending 6 A.M. of the following day.

(Greenwich mean time.)

By Mr. J. D. ROBERTSON, Assistant Secretary, Royal Society.

Hours of Observation.	Barom. corrected. Flint Glass.	Barom. corrected. Crown Glass.	Atmos. Ther.	Extern. Ther.	Old Standard Barom.	Atmos. Ther.	Difference Wet and Dry Bulb Ther.	Dew Point.	Rain in Inches.	Wind.	REMARKS.
6, A.M.	30.313	30.305	39.6	36.8	30.330	39.4	01.4	32		SE	Overcast—light brisk wind.
7, ..	30.319	30.309	40.3	36.8	30.332	39.9	00.6	34		SE	Light ditto ditto ditto.
8, ..	30.320	30.310	40.8	36.4	30.334	40.4	01.6	35		SE	Ditto ditto ditto.
9, ..	30.336	30.328	40.9	35.8	30.348	40.7	00.8	35		SE	Ditto ditto ditto.
10, ..	30.353	30.343	40.9	36.2	30.374	40.8	01.1	34		SE	Ditto ditto ditto.
11, ..	30.344	30.334	40.7	36.6	30.360	40.7	01.4	34		SE	Lightly overcast—light wind.
12, ..	30.335	30.325	40.5	36.8	30.352	40.5	01.0	33		ESE	Ditto ditto ditto.
1, P.M.	30.311	30.303	40.4	37.7	30.332	40.4	01.0	33		E	Ditto ditto ditto.
2, ..	30.313	30.305	40.5	37.6	30.334	40.5	00.9	34		E	Ditto ditto ditto.
3, ..	30.326	30.316	40.6	36.7	30.344	40.6	01.0	34		ENE	Ditto ditto ditto.
4, ..	30.344	30.336	40.8	36.8	30.354	40.6	00.8	35		E	Ditto ditto ditto.
5, ..	30.300	30.290	40.8	36.8	30.314	40.7	01.3	35		E	Lightly overcast—brisk wind.
6, ..	30.293	30.283	41.0	36.5	30.303	40.8	01.0	35		E	Ditto ditto ditto.
7, ..	30.289	30.279	41.0	36.3	30.301	40.8	01.0	35		E	Ditto ditto ditto.
8, ..	30.283	30.275	41.0	36.4	30.297	40.7	00.9	36			Ditto ditto ditto.
9, ..	30.240	30.232	40.8	36.8	30.257	40.7	00.9	36			Ditto ditto ditto.
10, ..	30.230	30.220	40.9	36.4	30.247	40.6	01.0	35			Lightly overcast—light wind.
11, ..	30.218	30.208	40.9	35.7	30.225	40.6	00.9	35			Ditto ditto ditto.
12, ..	30.216	30.208	40.9	35.2	30.235	40.6	01.3	35			Ditto ditto ditto.
1, A.M.	30.196	30.186	40.8	34.3	30.206	40.5	01.6	34			Ditto ditto ditto.
2, ..	30.180	30.172	40.8	34.3	30.186	40.4	01.5	33			Ditto ditto ditto.
3, ..	30.168	30.160	40.9	34.7	30.180	40.3	01.7	33			Ditto ditto ditto.
4, ..	30.132	30.124	40.7	34.4	30.148	40.3	01.9	32			Ditto ditto ditto.
5, ..	30.122	30.114	40.6	34.3	30.134	40.0	01.9	33			Ditto ditto ditto.
6, ..	30.101	30.091	40.2	34.5	30.107	40.0	01.6	33		E	Ditto ditto ditto.
	30.263	30.254	40.7	36.0	30.276	40.5	01.2	34			

The observations of the Barometer (Flint and Crown Glass) are severally corrected for temperature, as also for Capillarity.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Genius is a luxury the overworked rarely indulge in; and we have had little leisure this week to attend to anything not immediately urgent: our talk, we ventured any, would be of the duller matters of fact and detail, so that it is better to hold our peace at least for seven days.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 6.—J. W. Lubbock, Esq., Vice President and Treasurer, in the chair.

The time of the meeting was almost entirely occupied by reading the reports of the last ordinary and late anniversary meeting, which included the address of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex on resigning the chair of the Society.

A paper was in part read, entitled 'Researches in Electricity: 15th Series,' by Michael Faraday, Esq. The Rev. Philip Kelland, M.A., was elected a fellow.

Dec. 13.—The Marquis of Northampton, President, in the chair.

Prof. Faraday's paper, 'On the Character and Direction of the Electric Force of the Gymnotus,' was concluded.

The author first briefly refers to what has been done by others in establishing the identity of the electric power in the gymnotus and torpedo with ordinary electricity, and then, in reference to the intended conveyance to this country of gymnoti from America, gives the instruction which he himself had received from Baron Humboldt for that purpose. A living gymnotus, now in the possession of the proprietors of the Gallery of Science in Adelaide-street, was placed for a time at the disposal of the author, for the purpose of research, upon which he proceeded, with his apparatus, to compare its power with ordinary and voltaic electricity, and to obtain the direction of the force. Without removing it from the water, he was able to obtain not only the results procured by others, but the others also required, so as to leave no gap or deficiency in the identifying effects. The shock in very varied circumstances of position was procured, the galvanometer affected, magnets were made, a wire was heated, polar-chemical decomposition was effected, and the spark obtained. By comparative experiments, made with the animal and a powerful Leyden battery, it was concluded, that the quantity of force in each shock of the fish was very great. It was also ascertained, by the tests capable of bearing on the point, that the current of electricity was from the anterior parts of the animal, through the water, or surrounding conductors, to the posterior parts in every case. Mr. Faraday concluded by expressing a hope that, by means of these organs, and the similar parts of the torpedo, a relation as to action and reaction of the electric and nervous powers may be established experimentally; and briefly described the form of experiment which seems likely to yield positive results of this kind.

Dec. 20.—J. G. Children, Esq., V.P., in the chair. Prof. Louis Agassiz, of Neuchâtel, and Prof. Philip Martins, were elected Foreign Members of the Royal Society.

A paper was read, entitled, 'On the Curvature of Surfaces,' by J. Young, Esq.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 19.—Prof. Whewell, President, in the chair.

The second part of Mr. Owen's paper on the Fossil Jaws found at Stonesfield, was read. The author commenced by recapitulating the evidence, given in the first part of the memoir, on the mammiferous structure of the Thylacotherium. He stated, that the remains of the split condyles demonstrate their original convex form; that the size, figure, and position of the coronoid process are such as were never yet witnessed in any other than a zoophagous mammal, endowed with a temporal muscle, sufficiently developed to demand so extensive an attachment for working a powerful carnivorous jaw; that the teeth composed of dense ivory, with crowns covered by a thick coat of enamel, are everywhere distinct from the substance of the jaw, but have two deep imbedded in it; that the teeth are of two kinds, the hinder or true molars having five

cusps, four of which are placed in pairs transversely across the crown of the tooth, and the anterior only two or three cusps, characters never yet found united in the teeth of any except a zoophagous mammiferous quadruped; that the general form of the jaw corresponds with the preceding more essential indications of its mammiferous nature; and that, besides these primary characters marking the class to which the fossil belongs, there are others of secondary importance, exhibited in the modification of the angle of the jaw, combined with the form, structure, and proportions of the teeth, which induce him to believe that the Thylacotherium was a marsupial quadruped. Mr. Owen then alluded to the differences of opinion which are entertained respecting, first, the actual state of these fossils, and secondly, to the interpretations which have been given of admitted appearances. First, with regard to the objections founded on the entering angle of the articular surface and the teeth; he stated that the entering angle does not exist, but that, on the contrary, the articular surface is supported on a convex prominence or condyle, a character peculiar to mammalia; and that the molar teeth, instead of presenting an uniform structure, as in certain reptiles, are, as before described, composed of two distinct kinds. Secondly, with respect to the arguments founded on the interpretations of actual structure, Mr. Owen observed, that the Thylacotherium having eleven molar teeth in each ramus of the lower jaw is no objection to its mammiferous nature, because the *Canis megalotis* among the placental carnivora has constantly one more grinder on each side of the lower jaw, than the usual number—because the chrysochlore, among the insectivora, has also eight instead of seven molars—and the Myrmecobius, among the marsupialia, has nine molars on each side of the lower jaw; and because some of the insectivorous armadillos and the zoophagous cetacea offer examples of a combination of still more numerous and reptile-like teeth, with all the true and essential characters of the mammiferous class. The objection to the false molars having two fangs he showed was futile, as the greater number of these teeth in every genus of the placental fera, and among the whole of the marsupialia, have two fangs. If, added Mr. Owen, the ascending ramus of the Stonesfield jaws had been absent, and with it the evidence of their mammiferous nature afforded by the condylar, coronoid, and angular processes. I should have laid more stress on the proof which the structure of the teeth affords, and especially their long double fangs, that the fossils in question are the jaws of a species referable to the highest class of animals. The argument against the Thylacotherium being a mammifer, founded on some teeth with double fangs, discovered in tertiary strata in America, and believed by Dr. Harlan to have belonged to a reptile, Mr. Owen conceives, cannot be admitted as valid until the true nature of those remains has been determined. It has been asserted that the shark has double fangs, and therefore that this Stonesfield fossil may have been a fish, but it was shown that the widely bifurcated basis supporting the teeth of a shark is no part of the tooth itself, but is true bone, and is simply the portion of osseous substance to which the tooth is ankylosed at one part, and the ligaments of connexion are attached at the other. These supposed fangs, it is needless to add, are never inserted in sockets. The true tooth of the shark is a hollow cone, as in the higher reptiles, but, by ossification of the pulp, it becomes united to a broad and sometimes widely bifurcated bony base, which might be mistaken, by one unacquainted with the structure of the tooth, for its fangs, though it is widely different, both in form and composition, from the true fangs of the mammiferous teeth, and from such as are displayed in the Thylacotherium. Another objection to the mammiferous character of the Stonesfield remains, founded on the colour of the jaws, and supposed to be indicative of such a proportion of animal matter as occurs only in the cold-blooded vertebrata, Mr. Owen answers, by stating, that it could have little weight with those geologists, who are practically acquainted with the teeth of the mastodon and other fossil remains of mammalia. The assertion that the jaws are compound, he met by repeating his former declaration, that the only trace of this structure in the Thylacotherium is a mere vascular groove running along its lower margin; and that a similar structure is present

in the jaws of some species of the opossum, of the *Sorex indicus*, and many other mammalia. The author then proceeded to describe the half jaw of the other genus, discovered at Stonesfield, and for which he has proposed the name of *Phascolotherium Bucklandii*. The fossil on which this genus is established, is a right ramus of a lower jaw, having its external surface imbedded in stone, and its inner, or mesial, exposed. Mr. Broderip in his description of the specimen in the Zoological Journal (Vol. III.) clearly pointed out its generic distinction from the Thylacotherium, and though he applied to it the name of *Didelphys Bucklandii*, he used the word *Didelphys* in its widest sense, and expressly stated that it would perhaps be presumptuous in him to pronounce on its generic identity with the group of marsupials to which the term *Didelphys* is restricted by Cuvier. The condyle of the Phascolotherium, in this specimen, is entire, standing out in bold relief, and it presents exactly the same form and degree of convexity, as in the genera *Didelphys* and *Dasyurus*; but from its position, being on a level with the molar teeth, it corresponds with the *Dasyurus* more nearly than with the *Didelphys*. In the allied marsupial, the *Thylacinus*, as also in the *Dasyurus ursinus*, the condyle has precisely the same relative position, so that this particular in the jaw of the Phascolotherium affords no argument against its admission among the marsupialia. The general form and proportions of the coronoid process closely resemble those in zoophagous marsupials, but in the depth and form of the entering notch, between this process and the condyle, it corresponds most closely with the *Thylacinus*. In the base of the inwardly reflected angle, judging from the fractured surface in the fossil, it probably resembled also most nearly that genus. In the position of the dental foramen the Phascolotherium differs from all the zoophagous marsupials and the placental fera, but agrees with the herbivorous marsupial, the *Hypsiprymus*. The form of the symphysis cannot be precisely determined in this fossil, but it probably resembled that of the *Didelphys*. With respect to the dentition, Mr. Owen agrees with Mr. Broderip in the opinion, that there were four incisors, as in the *Didelphys*, though in the distance between each the fossil differs from that genus, and resembles, in this respect, as well as in the size of the canines, the *Myrmecobius*. In the proportion to each other of the molars, seven in number, four true and three false, especially in the smallness of the hindmost, the Phascolotherium resembles the *Myrmecobius*, but in the form of the crowns, the *Thylacinus* more closely than any other genus of marsupial. In the fossil, a ridge extends along the inner side of the base of the crown of the true molars, and, projecting a little beyond both the anterior and posterior smaller cusps, gives the crown of the tooth a quinque-cusped appearance. In the *Thylacinus* the internal ridge is not continued across the base of the large middle cusp, but it extends along and beyond each of the lateral cusps, so as to give the tooth a similar character to that presented by the fossil. Connecting this structure in the molars with the several characteristic features of the ascending ramus of the jaw, Mr. Owen considers that the Stonesfield fossil was nearly allied to the *Thylacinus*, and that its position in the marsupial series is between that genus and *Didelphys*. With respect to the alleged compound structure of the jaw, the author is of opinion that of the two linear impressions on the inner side of the horizontal ramus of the jaw, and mistaken for indications of harmonia or toothless sutures, one, a shallow linear impression continued from between the ante-penultimate and penultimate molars, obliquely downwards and backwards to the foramen for the dental artery, is due to the pressure of a small artery; and he stated that it could not mark the contiguous margin of the opercula and dental pieces—the only line of suture in reptiles for which it could be mistaken, because that suture always takes an opposite direction, and runs obliquely downwards and forwards, and not downwards and backwards. The second impression in the jaw of the Phascolotherium is much more strongly marked than the preceding. It is a deep groove, continued from the anterior extremity of the fractured base of the inflected angle, obliquely downwards to the broken surface of the anterior front of the jaw. Whether this line be due to a vascular impression or an accidental fracture, Mr. Owen offered

no opinion; but he confidently affirmed, that there is not any suture in the compound jaw of a reptile, which occupies a corresponding situation. Lastly, with reference to the philosophy of pronouncing judgment on the saurian nature of the Stonesfield fossils from the appearances of sutures in the jaws themselves, the author offered one remark, the justice of which will be obvious alike to those who are and those who are not conversant with the details of comparative anatomy. The accumulative evidence of the true nature of the Stonesfield fossils afforded by the shape of the condyle, coronoid process, angle of the jaw, different kinds of teeth, shape of their crowns, double fangs, implantation in sockets,—the appearances, I repeat, presented by these important particulars cannot be due to accident, while those which favour the evidence of the compound structure of the jaw may arise from accidental circumstances.

A paper was afterwards read, 'On the structure and relations of the presumed Marsupial Remains from the Oolite of Stonesfield,' by Mr. Ogilby. After premising that, in the examination of these remains, it should be borne in mind, that they are associated in their matrix with marine shells, the author proceeded to consider—1st, the points in which the fossil jaws agree with insectivorous and marsupial mammals; and, 2ndly, those in which they differ from the same families. With respect to the points of agreement, Mr. Ogilby admits, that in the general outline of the jaws, especially of the *Didelphys* (*Phasciotherium*) *Bucklandi*, and in the form of the coronoid process, as well as in the condyle, there is an agreement with the corresponding parts in recent insectivora and marsupialia. In the angular process of *D. (Thylacotherium)* *Prevostii*, he is of opinion that the fossil resembles insectivorous mammals more than marsupial, because the part of the process which remains, is not elevated above the level surface of the stone, but is absolutely in the same plane as the exposed surface of the jaw itself. In the *D. Bucklandi*, he conceives that the angular process is entirely wanting, and that a slight elevation produced by muscular action, not at the very lower edge of the jaw as in marsupials, but "really situated half way up, and nearly in a line with the condyle," has been mistaken for it. In the composition of the teeth, Mr. Ogilby sees no valid objection against the presumed mammiferous character of the fossil; or in the double fangs with which they are provided, though he alluded to the teeth of certain sharks, which he conceives have teeth with double fangs, and to the American fossil remains, supposed by Dr. Harlan to have belonged to a saurian. 2. In considering the points in which the fossil jaws differ from existing insectivora and marsupialia, Mr. Ogilby dwelt upon the position of the condyle being on a level with the crowns of the teeth, or rather below that level, a character which he stated exists only in the *Dasyurus ursinus* and *Thylacinus Harrii*, and which, he therefore conceives, removes the fossils from insectivorous marsupials. The second point in which the Stonesfield jaws are conceived by Mr. Ogilby to differ from recent insectivora and marsupialia, is in the nature and arrangement of the teeth. He is of opinion that the molars are not distinguishable into real and false; the great length of the fangs compared with the size of the crowns being as three to one, he says, is unexampled among recent mammals; he considers the relative space occupied by the canine and incisor teeth with respect to the molars in the *D. Bucklandi* an essential point of distinction, being full five-twelfths of the entire dental line, while in recent insectivorous marsupials it is only one-fifth. The incisor teeth in the fossils were also stated to be arranged longitudinally, and in the same line as the molar, whereas in recent mammals the incisors stand at right angles to the line of molars. With respect to the belief that the jaws are compound, Mr. Ogilby offered no formal opinion, but merely stated the appearances of such a structure already detailed in our notices of Mr. Owen's papers. In conclusion, the author said that, judging from the evidence before us, the Stonesfield fossils possess so many important, and, as they have been hitherto considered, distinctive characters, in common with mammals on the one hand, and with cold-blooded animals on the other, that the naturalist is not justified at present in pronouncing to which class the fossils belong.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—The papers read at the meetings of this Society have not been of much public interest. They were, 'On the Topography of Ancient Athens, with an account of some late excavations and discoveries,' by Mr. Ross; 'On the progress of the Excavations, now carrying on at the expense of Col. Vyse, among the Pyramids,' and 'On Egyptian Antiquities and Hieroglyphics,' by Mr. Tomlinson.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

Dec. 3.—Earl De Grey, President, in the chair.—This being the first meeting of the session, his Lordship opened the business by an address upon the prospects of the Society. The members proceeded to the election of Herr Zanth, architect, of Stuttgart, as Corresponding Member. The following gentlemen were nominated as Fellows:—T. H. Wyatt, J. L. Walker, B. Ferrey, and J. B. Watson; and Messrs. Brandon, Flower, Woodthorpe, Bury, Wright, Miles, Prichard, Peirce, and Eales, as Associates.

A paper was read, by Mr. Shaw, 'On the History of Stained Glass, its Manufacture and appropriate application in Buildings,' and, in illustration of the subject, Messrs. Hoadley and Oldfield exhibited several specimens painted by them.

Mr. Papworth and Mr. Donaldson explained the mode of boring the stone pipes formerly used for the water-mains in London; as also the manner in which they were put together.

Dec. 17.—P. F. Robinson, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Donaldson, Hon. Sec., read a memoir, drawn up by him, of the late Thomas Lee, jun. Esq., architect.

The father of Mr. Lee was an architect, who retired from the profession early in life, on coming into possession of a fortune, and went to reside in Devonshire. His son, the subject of the present memoir, became a pupil of Sir J. Soane, and was early characterized by intelligence and abilities. A drawing of the Duke of Devonshire's villa at Chiswick, executed by him, obtained the medal of the Royal Academy. It was observed, that the inefficiency of the School of Architecture in that institution led to the formation of a society, the first one founded solely for the advancement of the science, called the "Architectural Sketching Association." This Society held its meetings once a week; a subject was given on the evening by the president, and the members made designs and sketches on the moment. Mr. Lee was one of its original members. The works of this architect are few. He resided chiefly in Devonshire, and was drowned in 1832, at the early age of forty. His chief public works are the monument to the Duke of Wellington on Blackdown Hill, Somersetshire, Netherthorn Church, Worcester, Sedley Church, and Heywood House, the seat of the Hon. Newton Fellows. In the course of the memoir the author made some observations on the present state of architecture in this country, the absence of a sufficiently elevated character, and the degeneracy of taste, which is falling into the school of Vignola and the modern Italians, instead of aspiring to the higher sources which Vignola, &c. studied. The day, however, he hoped would arrive, when, by a happy combination of Italian and Greek proportions and details, a style would be generated, to be worthily designated as "the English."

A description was read of the Conservative Pavilion, erected in three weeks and a half, by R. D. Chantrell, architect, at Leeds, on the 15th of March, at a cost of £601. The saloon measured 120 feet long by 80 wide.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—Dec. 21.—J. E. Gray, Esq. F.R.S., President, in the chair.—Mr. J. Freeman communicated a paper 'On the Geographical Distribution of Plants.' It entered into various details as to the correctness of the Isothermal theory proposed by Humboldt, showing that all vegetables maintain characteristic forms, which are subject to the unvarying laws of temperature, though modified in degree by the nature of the soil on which they respectively grow. A paper was also read, from Mr. A. White, being 'Note on Peloria,' and he exhibited a Pelorian variety of *Pinguicula vulgaris*, found by him on Royden Fen, near Diss, Norfolk, in 1835, and, as far as Mr. White was aware, the occurrence of such a monstrosity had not been before observed in the order Lentibularia.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
Tues. Architectural Society (Historical).
Wed. Artists' and Anatomists' Conversazione.
Thurs. Zoological Society.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Of a surety," as Dominic Sampson was wont to exclaim,—we cannot complain of scantiness or monotony in our Christmas fare—the works on our table range between extremes as wide as *Raphael's Miraculous Draught* (the last, and one of the best of Burnet's cheap engravings), and Weld Taylor's lithograph of Miss P. Horton as *Ariel*, in the dripping habiliments of a sea-nymph! Had we not so recently discoursed on the Cartoons, we ought to have lingered awhile over such a master-work; once again expressing our interest in Mr. Burnet's version, which, by its cheapness, is rendered almost as accessible to the mechanic and the cottager, as were the green parrot, or the 'Four Seasons,' some thirty years since. Art, though by no means so robust as her friends could wish, cannot be considered hopeless, so long as her most legitimate works are thus widely diffused. Again, though the elementary treatises of the hour may not penetrate very deep, or display that strict and constant reference to first principles, by which, alone, a thorough cultivation of any branch of art is ensured, a great improvement has in this department taken place during the thirty years just glanced over; witness *Frost's Hints on Light, Shadow, Composition, &c.*, as applicable to Landscape-Painting—a work rich in sound precept and picturesque example. Every sketch is accompanied by a concise explanation, wherein the artist gives us his reasons for the light, shadow, or demitint, assembled in his compositions; and leads the student onward to comprehend how the simplest and most spontaneous effects of Nature, have, singly, a significance—and, in combination, a harmony—for those who know how to consider and assemble them.

Theatrical portraits would appear to be largely in request just at present, if we are to judge from the number collected round us. Mr. Lane's *Dramatic Sketches*, Parts I. & II. are among the best. The two groups of witches, from 'Macbeth,' (as at present cast at Covent Garden), are the best things in his first number. In his second, the gem is *Farran as Sir Andrew Agamemnon*; for Charles Kemble as *Cassio* looks somewhat stiffer than is graceful, and Miss Taylor, as *Rosalind*, stands far more rigorously upright than has pleased Miss Taylor to stand, on any occasion whatsoever, for the last ten years. There is more of art and less of "lamp-oil and orange-peel" in these sketches than in most of their class. Waggon's drawing of Miss Elphinstone as *Meeta* in 'The Maid of Mariendort'—lithographed by Weld Taylor—is a faithful, but not a flattering likeness. Having already adverted to this lithographer's *Ariel*, we have but to add a caution to the artist to attend to his drawing. The last of these stage sketches are Johnston's *Bayadères*, lithographed by Hamilton. All the artists who have attempted to represent these "Priestesses of Pondicherry," have split on the rock of trying to make them graceful according to our European notions of grace. To us there was an excessive quaintness, amounting to absurdity, in the whole performance, (aided by the nursery-like monotony of the music,) which we have never found represented. This, however, may be rather a matter of individual association, than general feeling. One more lithographed portrait remains to be noticed by us, a half-length of *Lady Morgan*, drawn on stone, by Miss Clarke, after an oil-portrait, also executed by herself. The 9th and 10th numbers of *Royal's Conservative Portraits*, in their likenesses of Lord Ashburton, Mr. Croker, and Sir George Murray, make us, once again, feel how much we lost in Sir Thomas Lawrence: by the side of these, the other subjects look feeble and mannered. The engravings still continue to be carefully finished, and by good hands. Among other works in progress, we must mention the 9th, 10th, and 11th *Livraisons* of M. Vatteville's *Album Cosmopolite*—an amusing miscellany for a drawing-room table. Sundry new publications, too, have been commenced. Mr. Tottin, in his *Septuagintal Manuscripts*, is anxious to introduce something of a better taste into that domain, too often desecrated by

ment or ridiculous conceits; but, however clearly he may have seen the evil, we cannot admit that his designs supply the cure. Aiming at what is chaste and classical, the three in his first number appear to us mediocre. *The Sketches of Children, from Nature*, by M. T. are so positively vulgar and poor, that no second part is to be desired, even by the most charitable. Mr. Bourne's *Lithographed Drawings of the London and Birmingham Railway*, (No. 1.) are excellent; the best things of the kind which have appeared. Even Darwin, when introducing into his "Public Garden," that vision of the Utilitarian, in which the future triumphs of steam are shadowed out, saw but the reality of tunnels, roads, station-houses, and stationary engines, in comparison with their romance, here so well displayed. Truth and experience, however, assure us that all these marvels of engineering go but a very little way to beguile the monotony of railway travelling. *Knight's Saracenic and Norman Remains* (illustrative of his architectural work), lead us back to the poetry of a far different age; there is real simplicity combined with richness in some of the specimens. Ere we pronounce over our Christmas table the bluff sea-captain's grace—"had enough!" we have a good word to say for Brierly's *Cutter Yacht, Comet*, spiritedly lithographed by Haghe; and for the interior of the *Gothic Armoury in Lower Grosvenor Street*; a print which, we presume, is intended to do duty as an advertisement.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.
On Monday, *THE GIPSY'S WARNING*; and *THE PANTOMIME*, *THE SPIRIT OF AIR*; and *THE PANTOMIME*.

COVENT GARDEN.
On Monday, *THE TEMPEST*; and *THE PANTOMIME*, *THE TEMPEST*; and *THE PANTOMIME*, *THE TEMPEST*; and *THE PANTOMIME*, *THE TEMPEST*.

This stage Saturnalia commenced too late in the week for us to participate largely in its amusements; we must therefore perform the office of *Cicerone* privately, and in part by proxy, and trust to the best of all apologies, "necessity," to excuse these "maimed remarks." The reports of our more ubiquitous contemporaries of the daily press agree as to the fact, confirmed by our own limited experience, of the general deterioration of the pantomimic fun: the spirit of Pantomime has evaporated, and the grotesque, scintillating, lumbering carcass only remains. Clown is become humourless and coarse; neither does he swallow the stolen morsels with the old gusto, nor draw away in the fathomless abysses of his capacious pockets the whole hecatombs of "fish, flesh, and half," but he steals and he flings away: Harlequin takes none of those glorious leaps through looking-glasses and shop windows, followed by a smug like the amihilation of a whole china-warehouse; and as for Pantaloon, he is neither decrepit nor imbecile, but a gymnast of most vigorous frame and elastic muscle; and Columbine hardly attains the character of a pretty dancer. Moreover, the tricks are "stale, flat, and unprofitable" to the business of the scene; they furnish no means of escape or hindrance, nor any infliction of punishment, but are equally gratuitous, impotent, purposeless, and witless. In a word, there is no semblance of a chance of the runaway lovers, Harlequin and Columbine, by the hobbling old Father Pantaloon and his scaramouch servant the Clown, so that the Harlequinade has lost all interest and connexion. *The Covent Garden "Introduction"* is a very splendid scenic display; and the story of "Fair Rosamond" is burlesqued in a style of Brobdingnagian grotesqueness, exaggeration can no farther go: the masks are designed with a broad humour, worthy of Gilray: the tricks are elaborate and ingenious, and get up with great pains and expense, but neither witty in themselves nor pointed in their application. Thus much we can speak from our own observation. *The Drury Lane "Jack Frost"* seems to depend upon the adventitious attractions of Mr. Van Amburgh and his lions and leopards, and two "families" of Dutch pantomimists and rope-dancers, whose performances are described as extraordinary. Wieland's *Clown*, from which some genuine humour was expected, appears to have disappointed expectation.

The pantomimes at the "minors" can scarcely fall short of those at the large houses in the amount of fun in the Harlequinade; but none of them can approach, in completeness and comicality, the story of "Fair Rosamond," at Covent Garden; unless it be the forthcoming burlesque of "Blue Beard," at the Olympic, which is to introduce to the impatient audience of that theatre their syren, Vestris.—Mrs. Charles Mathews, we should say—on her return from America. The reception that awaits this favourite actress, may be guessed at by the welcome that greeted her husband on his appearance on Wednesday. He was evidently unprepared for so hearty a recognition; and the audience did not know how to leave off "shaking hands" to him. He looks in the best health and spirits, and rattles on more rapidly and vivaciously than ever. The *HAYMARKET* fairy piece proves to be an old acquaintance: "O'Flannigan and the Fairies" was acted a few times at Covent Garden, two or three seasons ago, but not treated so well as it deserved. It is a concoction of Power's own ingenuity, and owes all its fun to his inimitable acting of the Irish "boy," who, in order to get a wife, makes a vow to abstain from drinking and fighting for a whole year; but, breaking it, he has a dream full of funny horrors, which are enacted on the stage, to the infinite amusement of everybody; the dreamer figuring, in *propria persona*, as the hero of the droll adventures.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Absent—S. M.C.—received.
We are much obliged to G. L. S.—E. B. W. declined.—A. X. had better inquire of the Secretary.

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